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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

TRANSLATIONS OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

Faust: a Tragedy. By J. W. Goethe. Translated into English verse; with Notes and Preliminary Remarks, by John S. Blackie. 12mo. pp. 288. Edinburgh, 1834, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

Faust: a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goethe, by David Syme. 12mo. pp. 241. Edinburgh, 1834, Black; Leipzig, Fleischer.

Faust: a Dramatic Poem. By Goethe. Translated into English prose; with Remarks on former Translations, and Notes, by A. Hayward, Esq. 2d Edition; to which is appended an Abstract of the Continuation; with an Account of the Story of Faust, and the various productions in literature and art founded on it. 8vo. pp. 350. London, 1834. Moxon.

IN No. 840 of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed the first edition of Mr. Hayward's translation; we felt then that, with all the demerits of prose, it was, notwithstanding, the best exhibition of *Faust* in English at that time existing. It would be trite, indeed, to animadvert upon the comparative merits of a prose and a versified translation of a poem. The award has long been passed—the verdict given. Mr. Hayward presents us with *Faust*—but how? It is the robe without the embroidery, the substance without the form. It is true, that as far as concerns the sense he satisfies us; but more is wanting. He is like an uneven mirror—he gives us the reflection in all its varied hues, but distorted, misshapen. We mean no disparagement to Mr. Hayward; but he ought not, of all German works from which he might have selected, to have chosen *Faust* to turn into prose. It is a sacred shrine which he has desecrated. As a test, however, of the public taste of the ardent with which every thing German—every thing of Goethe's is received, we hail with pleasure the appearance of his second edition. We need add nothing to our notice of the former, except to say that our opinion then expressed is amply justified, and that some glaring faults and mistranslations are rectified. His notes and appendix are valuable. His work is, in one word, for the student of German inestimable, but farther—?

Since the appearance of Mr. Hayward's first edition, two poetical translations have been presented to the public; and it is now our duty to consider whether we shall give them the seal of our critical "Legatur." To translate, we conceive to mean the exhibiting an author in such a dress as he would have adopted had he written in English. We should not wish to see Homer in English hexameters, even though they fell from Southey's pen: it is, we think, sufficient torture to fit him to the Procrustean bed of our heroic metre. To those who wish to be precise on this point, and such are Messrs. Blackie and Syme, *Faust* presents peculiar difficulties; though they have boldly endeavoured to conquer them. There is a wildness and

irregular beauty, if we may be allowed the expression, in Goethe's metre, so essentially a German beauty, as almost to defy an imitation in English. We hold it next to impossible to give what we might term a fac-simile of *Faust*. Our own dramatic blank verse is amply sufficient for the purpose, and much better calculated to give an English reader a full and proper notion of the original. Messrs. Blackie and Syme have been of a different opinion, and have both fleshed their swords upon the metre—with what success our readers will judge from our extracts. To us the rhyme in English gives somewhat of a ludicrous sound to the deepest and most serious parts. This, however, is, after all, but a minor point; the question is this: Is the translation a genuinely poetical one? Mr. Blackie has, we think, caught much of Goethe's fire. Would we could say as much for Mr. Syme! The latter gentleman would do well to re-peruse his German grammar, in order to find the difference between a present and a past tense; for he frequently gets sadly confused with them, to the great detriment of the sense. After a careful reading, we have not been able to detect the same in Mr. Blackie. We might cavil at single words, but, upon the whole, we feel ourselves bound to say, that he is to Goethe even more than Pope was to Homer—for he is accurate as well as poetical. Our extracts must justify our decision. We shall give the same passage from each, subordinating Hayward's prose; and we shall commence with the Dedication—a sweeter piece of poetry does not exist.

"Ye hover nigh, uncertain shapes! again,
That erst the misty eye of Fancy drew!
Shall I at length your shadowy flight detain,
And the fond dreaming of my youth pursue?
Ye press around!—resume your ancient reign,
As from the past's dim haze ye rise to view—
The magic breath that wafteth on your train
Stirs in my breast long-silent chords again.

Ye raise the images of happy days,
And many a dear-loved shade ye bring to view;
The echo like of half-forgotten lays,
First-love and early friendship ye renew;
The pang returns, life's labyrinthine maze
Again the plaint of sorrow wanders through,
And names the loved ones, who, by Fortune reft
Of fairest hours, the world and me have left.

They hear no more the sequel of my song,
The souls to whom I sung my early lay;
Dispersed for ever is the friendly throng,
The echo of my lyre has died away.
My sorrow floats a careless crowd among,
Whose praise hath ceased my listless heart to sway,
And they who once were merry with my mirth,
If yet they live, are scattered o'er the earth.

And I recall, with long-unfelt desire,
That realm of spirits, silent and serene!
My lisping lay, like the Æolian lyre,
Gives wailing tones, with many a pause between;
My heart is moved with youth's returning fire,
Tear follows tear where long no tear hath been;
I see the present as a distant goal,
The past, revived, is present to my soul."

And now for Mr. Syme:—

"Round me, aerial forms! ye come again,
Once in the morning of my life, through tears
Appearing brighter. Shall I now detain,
Now hold you fast, as in those vanished years
I gladly would have done? still to that vain
Delusion do I cling? the darkness clears—
Ye come! ye are triumphant! I am young
In the soft breathings round your footsteps flung.

Ye bring with you the thoughts of happier times,
Many dear shadows at your bidding start;
Like an old tale, or far-off village chimes,
First-love and friendship come to me, my heart
Begins to bleed again, and these dark rhymes
Are but the voice of its awakened smart;
I see the good and beautiful that played
Round me as if they would not change or fade.

They cannot hear this song,—they whom I tried
To sing to first, those friendly hearts, are gone;
The loud and cheerful voices have all died,
At the old echo,—and this cry of one,
The sole survivor, falls upon a wide,
Wide world, in which he feels himself alone;
Its praise is worthless, all who would have read
Because they loved me, are dispersed or dead.

Some long unvoiced yearnings for the still
And quiet land of spirits strongly seize
My inmost soul. My decant seems to thrill,
Like an Æolian harp's tone on the breeze;
Tears follow tears, and as their currents fill
Their fount, my heart grows softer by degrees;
Life's cold realities look distant, while
The lost, the loved, come nearer me and smile."

Hayward thus:—

"Ye approach again, ye shadowy shapes,
which once, in the morning of life, presented
yourselves to my troubled view! Shall I try,
this time, to hold you fast? Do I feel my
heart still inclined towards that delusion? Ye
press forward! Well then, ye may hold dominion
over me, as ye rise around out of vapour
and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated
by the magic breath which atmospheres your
train. Ye bring with you images of happy
days, and many loved shades arise: like to an
old, half-expired tradition, rises First-love with
Friendship in their company. The pang is
renewed; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine,
mazy course of life, and names the dear ones,
who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have
vanished away before me. They hear not the
following lays—the souls to whom I sang the
first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the
first echo, alas, has died away! My sorrow
vises itself to the stranger many: their very
applause makes my heart sick; and all that in
other days rejoiced in my song—if still living—
strays scattered through the world. And a
yearning, long unfelt, for that quiet, pensive
Spirit-realm seizes me. 'Tis hovering even
now, in half-formed tones,—my lisping lay,
like the Æolian harp. A tremor seizes me:
tear follows tear: the austere heart feels itself
growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as
in the distance; and what is gone becomes a
reality to me."

None of the three have, we think, properly
translated the "*schwankende Gestalten*" in the
first line, though Hayward approaches nearest.
The splendid opening scene of *Faust* in his study
is thus given by the three. We extract a part:
Blackie:—

"Faust. Here, 'mid these books, for many a year
I've travelled science's many sphere,
Law, Medicine, and Philosophy,
And thee, alas! Theology,
With study most severe.
Here stand I now, with all my lore,
No wiser than I was before;
Master ye! and Doctor too,
I do as other pedants do.
And up and down, and to and fro,
Lead by the nose my scholars slow—
And see how vain is all our lore,
Which burns me to the very core!

True, I am wiser than Wittenberg's hall
Can boast with her doctors, priests, parsons, and all :
No scruples nor doubts in my bosom dwell,
Nor idle fears of devils in hell,—
But for my wisdom, every joy
That satech others me doth cloy.
Nor vainly deem I to understand
What passes the grasp of mortal hand,
Nor, with delusive boast, pretend
The manners of the age to mend.
Nor money nor estate have I,
Nor pomp of life and dignity.
Such case no dog might longer live in !
Therefore to magic I have given
My mind, from spirit's mouth to draw
Truths passing Nature's vulgar law ;
That I, with bitter-sweating brow,
No more may teach what I do not know ;
That I with piercing ken may see
The world's in-dwelling energy,
The hidden seeds of life explore,
And deal in words and forms no more.

Oh ! shon't thou now, thou full moon bright,
For the last time my woes upon,—
Thou, whom so many a sad midnight
Beside this desk I've watched alone ;
Then, over books and paper, shone
On me thy soft and friendly light !
Oh ! that beneath thy lovely ray
On peaky summit I might stray,
Round mountain caves with spirits hover,
And flit the shadowy meadows over,
From all the qualms of knowledge free,
Bathe me to health within thy dewy sea !

In vain ! still pines my prisoned soul
Within this curst dank dungeon hole !
Where dimly finds e'en heaven's blest ray
Through painted glass its broken way.
Shut in by heaps of books up-piled,
All worm-begun, and dust-besotted,
And to the ceiling, from the ground,
With old smok'd papers hung around ;
All circled round with chemic glasses,
Crammed full of instruments and cases,
And old ancestral furniture—
This is thy world ! such den must Faustus' soul
Inure !

And ask I still why thrills my heart
With timid beatings, and oppress'd ?
And why some secret unknown smart
Chills every life-pulse in my breast ?
'Tis the living sphere of Nature,
Where man was placed by his Creator,
Surrounds these paltering dust alone,
The grinning skull and skeleton !"

Syme :—

"Faust. With burning zeal I have gone through
The mazes of philosophy,
Of logic lore, and medicine,
And, who is me,—theology !
And here I am, poor simple fool,
As wise as ere I read by rule !
They call me Master, Doctor !—so
Crossways, and crooked, and to fro,
My scholars by the nose I lead
These ten years, though I see indeed
That we know nothing. Day by day
This cruel thought comes back to prey
Like fire upon my heart ; and yet
I am superior to the crew
Of doctors, priests, and lawyers, who
With such importance round me fret.
All superstitions I detest ;
No fears of hell disturb my rest ;
But, for that reason, I have less
And less to do with happiness.
I see the false, but not the true,
And lose the blessed hope that threw
Enchantment round my youth,—to raise
Man's nature on a higher base.
Then I have nothing which they hold
In honour here,—rank, power, gold.
A dog would such a life disdain !
I loathe it ! and to ascertain
If in the spirit's realm I find
The secrets are not to be found—
And once for all to wipe away
The sweat that starts when I essay
To speak, and cannot,—and at last
To see what holds creation fast,
Each springing seed, each circling wheel,
And in vain words no longer deal,—
To magic I resort !

Thou soft
And silent moon ! I wish thy light,
Which I have gazed upon so oft
From this old desk at dead of night,
Were shining this time for the last
Upon my misery. Sad friend !
Whose silver rays so calmly rest
Upon my books, might I ascend
The mountain summits far away,
To wander in thy light, or round
The shadowy gulfs, and caves profound,
Or o'er the fields with spirits swim,
Above the limits of these dim

Distracting vapours, and renew
My strength in thy refreshing dew !

Alas ! must I for ever dwell
In this detested, murky cell,
Where, through the many-coloured glass,
Day's joyous light must sadly pass,
Diminished by that dusty heap
Of worn-out books, and slowly creep
Along the smoke-soiled paper which
Envelopes all the vaulted niche,
With bottles, boxes, bones,—a pile
Of instruments, and all the vile
Old household stuff, on which moths feed !
This is a world !—a world indeed !
And dost thou wonder that thy heart
Beats hard in its too narrow breast ?
That by a vague and secret smart
Thy soul is deadened and oppress'd,
When, shunning all the love and life
With which this beautiful world is rife,
Thou sittest here surrounded by
These fragments of mortality !

Hayward :—

"Faust. I have now, alas, by zealous exertion, thoroughly mastered philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine,—and, to my sorrow, theology too. Here I stand, poor fool that I am, just as wise as before. I am called Master, ay, and Doctor, and have now for ten years been leading my pupils about—up and down, crossways and crooked ways—by the nose ; and see that we can know nothing ! This it is that almost burns up the heart within me. True, I am cleverer than all the solemn triflers—doctors, masters, writers, and priests. No doubts nor scruples of any sort trouble me ; I fear neither hell nor the devil. But for this very reason is all joy torn from me. I no longer fancy I know anything worth knowing ; I no longer fancy I could teach any thing to better and convert mankind. Then I have neither wealth, nor honour, nor worldly rank. No dog would like to live so any longer ! I have therefore devoted myself to magic, to try whether, through the power and voice of the spirit, many a mystery might not become known to me ; that I may no longer, with bitter sweat, be driven to speak of what I do not know ; that I may learn what it is that holds the world together in its inmost core, see all the springs and seeds of production at work, and drive no longer a paltry traffic in words. Oh ! would that thou, radiant moonlight, wert shining for the last time upon my misery ; thou, for whom I have sat watching so many a midnight at this desk ; then, over books and papers, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me ! Oh ! that I might wander on the mountain-tops in thy loved light—hover with spirits round the mountain caves—flit over the fields in thy glimmer, and, escaped from all the fumes of knowledge, bathe, re-invigorated, in thy dew ! Wo is me ! am I still penned up in this dungeon—this accursed, musty, walled hole—where the precious light of heaven itself breaks mournfully through painted panes, stunted by this heap of books,—worm-eaten, dust-begrimed, and encompassed by a smoke-smear'd paper reaching up to the very top of the vault ; with glasses and boxes ranged round, instruments piled up on all sides, ancestral lumber stuffed in with the rest ! This is thy world, and a precious world it is ! And dost thou still ask, why thy heart flutters so confined in thy bosom ? why a vague aching deadens within thee every stirring principle of life ?—Instead of the animated nature, for which God made man, thou hast nought around thee but beasts' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould."

The magnificent soliloquy of Faust in the wood is as follows :

Blackie :—

"Faust. Spirit supreme ! thou gav'st me—gav'st me all,
For which I asked thee. Not in vain hast thou

Turned toward me thy countenance in fire.
Thou gavest me wide Nature for my kingdom,
And power to feel it, to enjoy it. Not
Cold-wondering visit gav'st thou me alone,
But e'en into her bosom's depth to look,
As it might be the bosom of a friend.
The row of living things thou mad'st to pass
Before mine eyes, my brethren mad'st me know
In silent bush, in water, and in air.
And when the storm loud blustereth, and raves
Through the dark forest, and the giant pine,
Down-tumbling, tears with it the neighbour-branches
And neighbour-stems flat-strown upon the ground,
And to their fall the hollow mountain thunders ;
Then dost thou guide me to the cave, where safe
I learn to know myself, and from my breast
Deep and mysterious wonders are unfolded.
Then mounteth the full moon unto my view
With softening brightness ; hovering before me,
From rocky wall, from humid brake, arise
The silver shapes of times by-gone, and soothe
The painful pleasure of deep-brooding thought.
Alas ! that man enjoys no perfect bliss,
I feel it now ! Thou gav'st me with this joy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
A fellow, whom I cannot do without ;
Though, cold and heartless, he debases me
Before myself, and, with a single breath,
Blows all the bounties of thy love to naught.
He fans within my breast a raging fire
For that fair image, busy to do ill.
Thus reel I from desire on to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment languish for desire."

Syme :—

"Faust. High spirit ! thou hast given me,—given me all
For which I prayed, nor has thy countenance
Been towards me turned in fire without effect.
Thy gift has been great nature for my own,
With power to comprehend and to enjoy
That vast dominion. I am not condemned
To cold and formal visits, but allowed
To look into the workings of her heart,
As in the bosom of a friend. Before me
Thou makest pass the long array of life,
And showest me my brothers of the still
And solemn woods, the water, and the air.
When tempests through the waving forest roar,
And giant pines, uprooted, roll away
Fraternal stems and branches as they fall
In thunder to the ground, with heavy crash—
The mountain slopes rebelling—to some
Well-sheltered cave thou bearest me, and then
Amid that outer conflict, the deep secrets
Of my own heart unfolding to my view,
Thou showest me myself !

Or, when the moon—
The calm, cold moon—ascends, the silver forms
Of years and ages past around me float.
Emerging from the thickets and the crags,
To soften the severer joys of thought !
I now perceive that nothing unimpair'd,
That nothing unremember'd, is the portion
Of weak humanity. Thou hast bestowed
Along with the diviner sense by which
I am brought near and nearer to the gods,
A terrible attendant, whom already
I cannot be without, although his cold
Heart-withering sneer degrades me to myself,
And brings thy gifts to nothing,—he still fans
Within my heart a wild unguerded flame
For that bright image,—flame which I would gladly
Extinguish, and extinguishing revive."

Hayward :—

"Faust. Sublime spirit ! thou gavest me,
gavest me every thing I prayed for. Not in
vain didst thou turn thy face in fire to me. Thou
gavest me glorious nature for a kingdom, with
power to feel and to enjoy her. It is not merely
a cold wondering visit that thou permittest me ;
thou grudgest me not to look into her deep
bosom, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou
pasdest in review before me the whole series of
animated things, and teachest me to know my
brothers in the still wood, in the air and water.
And when the storm roars and creaks in the
forest, and the giant pine, precipitating its
neighbour-boughs and neighbour-stems, sweeps,
crushing, down, and the mountain thunders
with a dead hollow muttering to the fall,—thou
bearest me off to the sheltered cave ; then thou
showest me to myself, and deep and mysterious
wonders of my own breast reveal themselves.
And when the clear moon, with its soothing in-
fluences, goes up full in my view,—from the
wall-like rocks, from the damp underwood, the
silvery forms of past ages hover up to me, and
soften the austere pleasure of contemplation."

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect falls to the lot of man! With this beatitude, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion, whom already I cannot do without; although, cold and insolent, he degrades me in my own eyes, and turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He is ever kindling a wild-fire in my heart for that holy image. Thus do I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Egypt, and Mohammed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

OUR introduction of these two massive volumes to the reader shall contrast with themselves, and be as brief as possible. The author, a clever and practised pen, set off on a journey, and in November 1832 landed at Alexandria, his object being to visit Egypt and write a book. Of course he has not had much time to bestow upon the memorials and present condition of that country; nor can we hold his opinions when he differs from former authorities, which he does with great freedom, to be so firmly and accurately guaranteed as to preclude us from still doubting his decisions.

At starting he gives us an account of a very singular conversation with the pasha, Mehmet Ali, to whom he puts questions of the utmost political consequence without reserve, and represents the despotic ruler as being not a little staggered at being catechised as to the extent of his military force, and submitted to other categories equally strange from such an individual on such an occasion.

The pasha, however, behaved with courtesy and kindness, and gave Mr. St. John a firman to protect him in his ascent of the Nile, and also a recommendation which enabled him to see the sights of Cairo to advantage.

We have of late so frequently travelled on the Nile in these pages, that we do not discover much of novelty wherewith to exemplify this work. A short extract follows:

"My own beard, which in Europe was soft, silky, and almost straight, began, immediately on my arrival at Alexandria, to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse, and before I had reached Es-Souan resembled horse-hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool."

Mr. St. John went as far as the second cataract,—examining Phile, Assouan, Epsambul, &c. On his return he stopped awhile at Thebes, Luxor, and Karnak; and we select the following as the most interesting specimen we can find of his agreeable style of composition:—

"On descending to that part of the bank where our guides had engaged to attend us, we found them waiting; not two, however, but thirteen, all of whom had been attracted by the hope of a present. Upon inquiry we found it was the favourable report of the poor Arab who had accompanied us on the preceding day, whose infirmity rendered him an object of charity, that had sent all these guides in search of us. An old man, with a white beard, who seemed to be the Sheikh of the party, said he had known the pits from his youth, and would bring us where we should find crocodile mummies of all sizes. We therefore desired them

to proceed, being impatient to discover whether he would conduct us to the cavern we had visited on the preceding day; and, if so, in what way we could possibly enter. The point was soon settled. They took us to the same pit; and while we were undressing and lighting our candles, those who were to enter be-took themselves to prayer, as persons about to plunge into desperate peril. I again descended before the others; and as the smell seemed less disgusting than on the day before, did not in the least doubt being able to withstand the malaria, or mephitic vapour, whatever it might be. When the Arabs had prayed, and stripped themselves nearly naked, we took each a taper in our hands, and began to move forwards. The old man, his son, and two other Arabs, led the way; my servant and I followed; and Monro came close after me, with a guide who was to shew the way back, if we should find it impossible to proceed. Having reached the large chamber, where we had wasted so much time on the preceding day, the old guide turned to the right, and crept forward through a small hole, the mouth of which was concealed by a projecting rock. We all followed in the order we had observed in entering; and after proceeding about twenty yards, arrived in the large natural chamber described by Legh and Henniker, the latter of whom advanced no further. Continuing to push forward, we entered a portion of the cavern resembling the mouth of hell; enormous rocks huddled together forming the floor, where chasms of unknown depth yawned between the dark masses, while prodigious black stalactites, with shining spars of crystal glittering between them, hung like dead snakes from the roof, and composed a kind of fretwork round the sides. Everything wore the fuliginous appearance of a place which had been the seat of some durable conflagration; black as night, covered with soot, oily, slippery, and exhaling a stench unutterably disgusting. Bats without number hung from the roof, or flew against our faces, from the countless holes and narrow diverging passages of the cavern; some striking against the rocks and falling senseless to the ground, where we trod or pressed upon them with our hands—for there was no time to be nice in picking our way. At length they began to cling about my neck, and bite my hands, and several times extinguished my taper; but this was merely disagreeable. By degrees, however, the passage grew low and narrow, so that it became necessary to creep forward on hands and knees, with our heads very low, that they might not strike against the rocks. This position I soon found extremely painful. The heat likewise appeared to be insufferable, and the perspiration streamed from our bodies like rain. My companions, according to the advice of the principal guide, had stripped nearly to the skin; but, trusting to my capacity for enduring heat, I had slighted his counsel, and now suffered the penalty of my imprudence. Still, however, I continued in the track of the guide; but having advanced about three or four hundred yards, I felt the blood rush to my head, and experienced great sickness and faintness, accompanied by an extraordinary oppression of the lungs, greatly augmented by the odour of putrid corpses which issued from the extremities of the cave, and appeared to increase every moment. For this effect I never could fully account. In all the tombs, and caverns, and mummy-pits which we had hitherto entered, I had seemed to suffer less than any one, and could remain in them whole hours without inconvenience; but now the case was different. In a short time my

head grew dizzy, and the cavern seemed to reel and swim round. Supposing I was about to faint, in which case, recovery would have been next to impossible, I requested Monro, who seemed to experience nothing of the kind, to endeavour to pass me, which the narrowness of the passage rendered nearly impracticable, and ordered the Arab in the rear to lead the way back. Monro and Suleiman proceeded. When I had regained that part of the passage where it was possible to stand upright, the fullness and dizziness in the head abated; but my eyes seemed to have grown dim, and I fancied we had lost our way. The guide, who evidently shared my suspicion, paused and surveyed the various openings with terror, while his trembling hands could scarcely hold the taper. The cavern, in fact, appeared to have enlarged, the passages to have grown more numerous, and the stench and blackness more infernal. I crept along with the utmost difficulty, the bats flitting before or striking against me; and looked with intense longing for the appearance of light and the smell of fresh air. A draught of water might, perhaps, have revived me, but the guides had neglected to bring any into the cavern; and to this circumstance I probably owe my extreme disappointment, and might have owed something worse. As the way appeared so much longer than it had in entering, the suspicion frequently recurred that we had missed it; but at length I discerned a glimmering of light, and felt the rushing in of the external air, which now seemed perfumed, though, on my first descending, I had thought it execrable. On arriving at the entrance the Arab flung himself with a groan upon the ground; and I, completely exhausted and overcome, sat below upon the rock in a kind of dream, unable to climb the rocky ascent to the plain. At the expiration of about half an hour I heard my servant's voice exclaiming, 'Oh! Mr. Monro, we are in paradise!' They all came out covered with dirt and perspiration, the Arabs bringing along with them the mummies of two crocodiles. For the description of what they saw after they left me, I am indebted to Monro. Another fissure, like the former, he observes, now received us, the sides being formed of large dusky-looking crystal stalactites, some of which were a foot, or even more in diameter. It became wider as we advanced, and terminated in a lofty vaulted hall, apparently oblong, extending to the right and left; the bottom was covered with large pieces of rock, over which we made our way as we best could. Suleiman directed me to look down between two of these into a pit, which, he said, was bottomless; but, on thrusting in the candle, I found it to be about seven or eight feet deep. What may have been the extent of this saloon to the left, I am unable to state, my only care being to retain breath and strength enough to reach the mummies; and our lights were insufficient to shew the end of it as we passed. Our route now lay to the right through a contracted aperture, which we traversed sideways, our bodies nearly horizontal, the rocks and the roof being in close contact, and presenting, as it were, a concave and convex surface, corresponding with each other. Beyond was a small natural cavity, formed, like the others, of dark coloured stalactites; out of this we turned short to the right, apparently in a direction towards the mouth of the cavern, and descended through a naturally-formed window to a lower level. Here the Hajji proposed that we should remain, while the guides went forwards for the crocodiles. The heat was considerable, and the atmosphere unpleasant, but not suffocating; I

was still well, and though I advised him to return if it seemed necessary, it was my intention to proceed, while I might do so with prudence. He said no more, but went forward. The rest of our course was made almost entirely in a crawling position, the passage being a natural fissure closely hemmed in by stalactites, and in places very low, sometimes running in a serpentine line, and at others turning at right angles. After advancing a short time, I fixed my hand upon a round irregular substance: it was a human face; the chest and body were beneath my arm. There was no time to examine it, nor indeed for any reflection, beyond the 'omnes eodem cogimur,' which would occur to every one: I passed on. Not far beyond this, the old Arab stopped, and laying his hand upon another human head, pointed it out as a sort of landmark that served for his guidance in this subterranean navigation. The head and shoulders only were exposed, the rest of the body being concealed beneath an impending and projecting rock. Round this we turned short to the left. Soon after, the passage became lower than ever, and we were reduced to the attitude and condition of snakes. The heat had considerably increased, and the air became more noisome. The stalactites were now of a jet black colour, and shone like pitch, and in the recesses formed by them were numerous human bodies; and some also were scattered in the track over which we crawled. Even the bats had not penetrated thus far into this loathsome dungeon; and though it was some relief to have escaped from their importunities, it was a warning index that the air was unfit for animal existence. Here, for the first time, I felt a slightly oppressive fullness upon my chest; and that I might feed scantily upon the noxious vapour, I breathed as lightly and seldom as possible; the inconvenience was of short duration. The aperture enlarged, and we passed into a long and comparatively lofty cavern, where the air, though of the same quality, was more plentiful, and I found immediate relief. We had now reached the end of our wanderings; this was the mysterious depository of the crocodiles. It was an irregular fissure, of about thirty feet long from end to end, and eight feet across in the widest part; the height varied in different places. The pendent stalactites were of a shining jet black, and when the candle was applied to them, burned and smoked like pitch; being thickly encrusted with a bituminous deposit, engendered, perhaps, by the mephitic vapour, which had reigned here for centuries. Immediately opposite the entrance, which was near one end, lay a promiscuous heap of palm leaves, mummy rags, and human bodies. It was a scene which even the guides as well as ourselves mused upon for a few moments in silence. Proceeding to the farther extremity, my attention was directed to a series of apparently small mummies, packed close together, and placed nearly vertically. Supposing them to be little children, I inquired of the guides; but was informed that these were the crocodiles, of which the upper part only was visible. When they had selected five, and extricated them from the mass, Suleiman, who had been silent for some time, observed that he felt his head swimming, and was unable to see; when I perceived that his eyes were closed, and that his head had fallen on one side. Immediately restoring him from his stupor, I ordered a retreat, which was effected slowly, and with difficulty, as the guides were now encumbered with three of the mummies. When the old Arab and his

companions had breathed the fresh air for a short time, they again prepared to descend into the cave, in search of the crocodiles which had been left behind. They also offered to bring me, if I pleased, a human mummy; the Egyptians having in this cemetery mingled together the bodies of gods and mortals. This time they appeared to be absent much longer than before; but returned at length, dragging out along with them two more crocodiles, together with the mummy of a red-haired girl, about ten or twelve years old. It was nearly naked, the flesh had shrunk almost to nothing, the skin was shrivelled, and as black as the pitchy rocks within; the head turned loosely and trembled on the withered neck, the chest and abdomen were pitted in, the lips drawn hard over the teeth—ghastly, disgusting, horrible, like death. I refused to take it away, and the Arabs laid it down upon the desert, where, if they will devour a mummy, it soon became the prey of the famished and voracious hyenas. Though the crocodile was regarded as a god by the Egyptians, his body was less carefully preserved than their own. Neither coffin nor sarcophagus enclosed the corpse, which having been embalmed, was first packed in palm leaves, disposed lengthways along the body, and bound round with cord, formed, like that in use at present, of the leaf of the palm-tree. The whole was then enveloped, like the human mummy, in linen bandages, sewn together with twine, and secured with broad tape. The entrails separately embalmed, and strung together in small bundles, were placed in the palm-leaves beside the body. Two small oblong packets, placed over the empty sockets, seem to have contained the eyes; but these we did not open. We now ordered the Arabs to take up the crocodiles, and departed. It was a singular cavalcade; for the bearers, with their dusky and half-naked bodies, appeared themselves like so many mummies, condemned for their sins to walk the earth, with their gods upon their heads. Of all these thirteen men, every one, I believe, except the old Sheikh, had the fore-finger of the right hand cut off; the stumps of some, recently amputated, being still red and swollen. This horrid practice, resorted to in order to escape the army, must not be taken as a proof of cowardice in the Arabs."

An apologue will serve as a variety wherewith to conclude.

"It has, I believe, been observed by some of our older travellers, that the orientals, of every rank, entertain a sort of superstitious veneration for bread; at least this is the case with the Egyptian Arabs, who have a remarkable aversion to allow, on any occasion, a crumb to fall to the ground,—affirming that such an act of wastefulness persevered in might ruin a man's fortunes. This notion, in their usual way, they illustrate by a story, which, though in some degree bordering on the ludicrous, I will request the reader's permission to relate:—There were formerly, they say, in Cairo, two merchants, who, having lived during many years in the strictest intimacy, had at length conceived so strong an affection for each other, that between them even the thoughts and wishes of the mind had become common property. One of these friends, finding his wealth increase beyond his desires, and apprehending, like the pagans of antiquity, some sudden and terrible reverse from the envy of fortune, consulted the other upon the means to be adopted to reduce within the limits of moderation his oppressive riches. Charity, perhaps, and the exercise of private munifi-

cence, may not have presented themselves to the imagination of the merchant; to the grave inquiries of his friend he therefore replied: 'Eat toasted bread as you walk along the public road!' So sage a piece of advice was not to be neglected; but, in pursuance of those economical habits, of which his great wealth was the fruit, Dives suspended a napkin under his chin to catch the falling crumbs. Fortune smiled at this device for diminishing the current of her favours, and, instead of half way meeting his wishes, by abating the flood, or turning it into some other channel, opened still wider the sluices of opulence, and overwhelmed him beneath the magnitude of his treasures. The neighbour was again consulted: 'Have you eaten toasted bread?' inquired he: his friend replied in the affirmative. 'And have you,' continued the counsellor, 'suffered the crumbs to fall to the ground?' 'No,' answered the rich man, 'I caught them in a napkin, and ate them.' 'That,' observed his friend, 'totally alters the case; had you allowed them to be lost, your good fortune would have forsaken you for ever!'"

The Natural History of Animalcules: containing Descriptions of all the known Species of Infusoria, &c. By Andrew Pritchard, Esq. With Plates. 8vo. pp. 194. London, 1834. Whittaker and Co.

ALTHOUGH it is not quite evident that, as our author states in his preface, few branches of science hold out stronger inducements for their study than the natural history of animalcules, still it is certain, that of the multiplicity of objects which the powers of the microscope have brought under our observation and scrutiny, this class of animated beings—diminutives of animals—may be considered the most remarkable. "The bare knowledge that there are myriads of atoms existing in a single drop of water, recreating and executing all their various functions and evolutions with as much rapidity and apparent facility as if the range afforded them were as boundless as the ocean, must carry with it an intensity of interest to the mind of every human being; of every one, at least, who is accustomed to meditate on the perfections of Nature, and to recognise and adore the hand that guides her through all the vast variety of her stupendous operations." The natural history of infusory tribes has been, nevertheless, the most neglected of the various branches of that science; and between the labours of Müller, in 1786, and those of Ehrenberg (Humboldt's companion in Asia) within these few years, nothing has been done beyond some slight improvements in classification by Lamarck and Cuvier. Mr. Pritchard, the author of the work now before us, is well known to the public as a most assiduous and successful microscopic observer; and he has added a vast multitude of interesting observations to the former discoveries of Ehrenberg, whose classification, founded upon the anatomical structure of these *monads*, the unexpected perfection and complexity of which he was nearly the first to appreciate—being embodied with these new observations, renders the whole a most curious and interesting monograph of this invisible world of living things. It appears from Mr. Pritchard's tables, that there are 435 or 436 known species of infusory animals, which are arranged in a various number of families or genera by Müller and Ehrenberg. We may remark upon this enumeration, that it is not at all certain that, as there are forms of animated beings invisible to the naked eye, but seen by the microscope, there are further gene-

rations even invisible beneath the lens, yet numerous as the former; for the power that has been obtained by the new modes of lighting up glasses of great size almost exceeds conception, and yet by these means many new animals have not been discovered. There can be no doubt that many carnivorous insects, and even birds, feed habitually upon tribes that are invisible to the eye of man, and this is in consonance with the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, placing the Brahmin in the false position of wishing he had never been admitted by the microscope to the investigation of mysterious nature. But there are even bounds to this prolificness of life, as there are to our means of observation. We are surprised that the author has not dwelt upon this fact, because the first inquirer might say, Where are my investigations to terminate? and what are the limits of this creative faculty? Were the gymnosophists of Egypt right? and does life spring from the sunbeam? Or has modern science triumphed over the difficulty, and in the person of Mr. Brown established that the ultimate atoms of bodies, from the pollen of plants to the particles of sulphur, are possessed of life? It does not appear so; and upon this subject there are other facts which militate against the opinion of a prolificness beyond bounds and beyond laws, which are both curious and interesting. We allude to the geographical distribution of infusory animals. The researches of Ehrenberg, during the late expedition of De Humboldt into the interior of Asia, have shown that the same species of animalcules were obtained from infusions made and waters obtained in remote parts of the old world as those which are found under similar circumstances in our own climates; and there is, therefore, in this fact, another proof of the defined character of the animalcules, and probably equally definite and circumscribed development. It is impossible, however, to contemplate how numerous the individuals of a known species may be: Mr. Pritchard says of the *Monas termo*, that often many millions in a single drop may be taken up on the head of a feeding pin! But then, how easily are they destroyed!—the passage of a cloud over the sun may, in such elementary life, annihilate myriads of existences!

There is another question to which we wish that the author had turned his attention. It is stated, upon the authority of Bory St. Vincent, that two infusions containing different animalcules, upon being mixed, do not present us with the two distinct tribes, but with a third that resembles neither. This fact has been found to illustrate geological theories of great interest; and it would be well worth while to repeat it, and to obtain the opinion of expert observers upon its correctness. The supplanting of species in the thin pellicle or film of infusions by the lapse of brief periods of time, would appear to justify our views; for it is not certain, from such phenomena, if the destruction of the first organisations, as that of the monads, is not necessary to the elimination of larger and more perfect genera, as the *Cyclidie*, *Paramesie*, &c.

With regard to the structure of these curious beings, and of which, as far as concerns internal organisation, until the introduction of vegetable colouring matter into the fluid which supplies them with food, they were supposed to be devoid, being nourished by a simple process of cuticular absorption;—it is now proved that they have distinct stomachs or digestive sacs, and some of them true alimentary canals—a muscular, nervous, and, in all probability, a

vascular system—cilia for locomotion and respiration? *i. e.* to occasion currents, not for food, as Mr. Pritchard has it, but for air: issuing from bulbous circles with muscular fibres, and possessing rotatory motion (*Rotatoria* Eh.)—bristles attached to the surface of the body—hooks or setaceous appendages, curved, and serving the creature to attach itself to any object it chooses, and flexible *styli* jointed at their bases. With regard to the skin, some are soft, while others are covered with a delicate shell or horn-like coat; in the *volvox* sensibly thick; some move with the greatest rapidity, dart, leap, or swim; others creep so passively as hardly to betray their motions, and some possess the extraordinary faculty of thrusting out or elongating portions of their bodies at various points, which assume the appearance either of legs or fins, and enable the creature to walk or swim; others, *Proteus*-like, change their forms. They propagate themselves by spontaneous scissures, sometimes symmetrically, in others by different sections, and thus the horny coat separates in its internal substance into several portions, forming so many distinct young ones, which at their birth burst the envelope, and the parent becomes entirely dissipated!

The history of these creatures is one, then, of great curiosity and interest; and we think our readers will not be dissatisfied if we have thus given them some notion of the leading facts; but to all such as would wish to know how much more that is wonderful is contained in that history, and do not wish to visit solar and gas microscopes with vacant stare and exclamatory countenances, we recommend Mr. Pritchard's book: it is written in plain language, is adapted for all classes of readers, is well illustrated with almost as many plates as there are species of animalcules, and deserves, as it obtains, our warmest approbation.

An Account of the Transactions of his Majesty's Mission to the Court of Persia, in the Years 1807-11. By Sir H. Jones Brydges, Bart. &c. To which is appended, a brief History of the *Wahauhy*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Bohn. THE author has been disappointed in his hopes of reward, and is now, it is too apparent, an old man; for, in truth, at this distance of time from the mission, with its circumstances, to which he attaches so much consequence, there is nothing of any interest in the narrative, except to himself. Putting aside the merely personal concerns and the interminable drivelling of Persian diplomacy, the work is blank, after we have had the publications of Morier, Malcolm, Ouseley, and other distinguished men, who were either contemporary with, or posterior to, the day of Sir Harford Brydges.

We will not enter into the question whether he was right or wrong, whether he was ill-used by Lord Minto, or so conducted himself as to render it necessary to supersede his political career—the public would not care a straw for the decision; and, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the great changes which have taken place since this “mission”-ary feud annoyed Sir Harford, it seems to us that only one subject in England could think these volumes worth printing. We say “only one subject,” meaning the author himself; and, indeed, he agrees with us, if we may judge from his “*avant propos*”—a silly phrase for the preface or introduction to an English book. However, this “*avant propos*” shews that its writer has no great hopes of the suffrages of any reader, except our most gracious sovereign; for he plainly says:—

“Having already acknowledged and apologised to my sovereign for the egotism which pervades some of the following pages, do not expect, reader, that I shall repeat the same to you, nor be offended if I at once declare that his majesty's gracious permission to lay such a trifle as this volume at his feet renders me perfectly indifferent to all the censures which private or public criticism may think proper to make on it.”

This being the case, we are the more free to confess that, in our opinion, the work is not obnoxious to censure; being entirely and emphatically what is called twaddle. It can offend nobody—is egotistical and servile to the utmost measure of those harmless weaknesses—and, being too long for entertainment, simply induces regret that an amiable person should have set such a value upon his private feelings and notions as not to suffer the past to sleep, and leave it to history to preserve his ambassadorial character in the little page of Persian influence.

As we are not inclined to follow his example, and expose ourselves to the apt Shakesperian quotation, “Go to, neighbour, thou art tedious;” we shall content ourselves with a single sample of the dangers which beset the representative of England's majesty, and the dexterity and dignity with which he extricated himself from the dire dilemma.

In the preliminary treaty, there was one article left indefinite; but it was well understood between the plenipotentiaries in what manner, on the ratification of the treaty, that article was to be made definite by his majesty's government; and I had, throughout the whole of the negotiation, insisted on maintaining as a *sine qua non*, that this article should, in this respect, be left to the decision of his majesty's government. I had delivered to Meerza Sheffee, as the principal Persian plenipotentiary, the treaty signed by me, and he had in his hand the counterpart signed by the Persian ministers, apparently ready to deliver to me. But all at once he laid it down on the carpet, and took it into his head to begin talking on the indefinite article, and insisted on its being made definite, before the treaty was sent to England for the ratification of his majesty's government. A little debate ensued, which of course ought not to have been the case, and which, as may be easily imagined, I was anxious to put an end to; when most unexpectedly, and perhaps fortunately for me, he so far forgot himself as to say,—“Do you come here to cheat us?” The terms of this speech are in Persian so dreadfully gross, that they cannot be rendered into English by any decent words; on hearing which, I snatched up the counterpart treaty lying on the carpet, gave it to Mr. Morier, rose up, and addressed the old minister:—“You stupid old blockhead, do you dare to use these words to me, who in this room represent the King of England? If it were not for the respect I bear your master, the King of Persia, I would knock your brains out, if you have any, against the wall!” and, suiting the action to the word, I pushed him with a slight degree of violence against the wall which was behind him, kicked over the candles on the floor, left the room in darkness, and rode home, without any one of the Persians daring to impede my passage. The instant I arrived at my lodgings, I retired to my private apartments, which were in a small court separate from those of the gentlemen, and caused the outer-door to be shut. I was scarcely seated, before several persons came thundering at that door; I went to it, and asked them who they were, and what they

wanted; they answered they came from Meerza Sheefee and the Ameen-ed-dowlah, that they had brought with them the treaty, with my signature, and were ordered to demand from me the counterpart, signed by those ministers. To this I answered, 'I cannot be disturbed now; go and tell your masters this is a matter which will keep till morning very well, and by that time, perhaps, Meerza Sheefee will recollect himself.' They became extremely loud and importunate, and said 'it was as much as their heads were worth to return without the treaty.' I said, 'I will tell you what it is, my worthy friends; by G—d, if you stay here making a noise and a riot, I shall soon make that as much as your heads are worth.' After a little pause, I heard them, on going away, very distinctly say, 'by G—d, this Fringee is either drunk or mad.' I requested the next morning to be admitted to a private audience of the King of Persia; my request was granted, and as soon as I had made my obeisance, his majesty said, 'so Elchee! I suppose you are come to make an apology for your unheard-of behaviour last night to my vizier.' 'I am come,' replied I, 'as my duty requires me to do, to explain my conduct to your majesty; and that done, if you judge I have acted wrong, I am willing, as a private person, to submit to any censure your majesty may esteem proper; but I must declare to your majesty, the King of England does not allow his representative to apologise without his royal and special orders; and I need not tell your majesty, that in this room, and in your presence, I am representing that great and powerful sovereign.' I then repeated to the King of Persia the words the minister had made use of to me; and added, 'Suppose I had so far forgotten myself as to have made use of such words to any person deputed to the high honour of representing your majesty, would you have been well pleased if that person had been base enough not to have noticed them in the way they deserved?' The King of Persia laughed, and said, '*Hak daree*, you have right on your side; the old man should have recollected what Meerza Bozurg told him about Europeans, and especially about yourself; that in his conversation with them he must take care not to use words to them which he frequently uses to persons of great rank here; but I must call my old minister in, and you must make it up.' Meerza Sheefee soon appeared, and the king said, 'Meerza Sheefee! *asaf-ud-dowlah*, (i. e. vizier of the empire,) here is the English ambassador, come to say he is sorry for what has happened.' 'Stop there, please your majesty; I come to say I am sorry for the occasion of it; but further I will not say.' 'Well, well,' said the king; 'it is for the advantage of my service that you two should be friends; and now, ambassador, I tell you I am well pleased with the treaty as it stands, since I am sure, from what I see of you, that whatever you have held out to us will be performed by your government.' I shortly afterwards left the palace, and in the evening I made a point of appearing at Meerza Sheefee's meglis, or levee; and from his politeness and attention, it appeared he thought no more of what had happened."

Only conceive such a scene in London!—Talleyrand kicking Lord Palmerston, and calling him a stupid old blockhead, &c.; or Prince Esterhazy bestowing a caning on Lord Althorp or Lord Grey, and swearing, be d—d if they kicked up a row, but he would wollop them! Different countries require different manners, perhaps? and different ministers, different

treatment? Our Meerzas and Ameen-ed-dowlahs might not like it.

The second volume is the account of the Wahauby sect, their origin (rather confusedly described), and their subjugation. Here, again, there is little new, and much prolix. Burckhardt, and the common journals, have told us as much as we want to know about these Arab dissenters; and the Pasha of Egypt made a tragical finale to the tale, when, in 1818, his son Ibrahim "succeeded in getting possession of the person of Abdullah Ibn Saoud, his women and treasures, which all arrived at Cario in the latter end of that year; and on the 16th December, 1818, these noble captives were paraded through the streets of Constantinople in heavy chains, and subsequently tortured. They were, on the next morning, brought in that miserable condition before the sultan—were then beheaded—and their bodies, after three days' exposure, were delivered to further indignities, at the pleasure of a fanatic and enraged populace. Thus ended, for the present, the power and government of this singular people, who, from very slight and feeble origin, had at one time arrived at such a degree of power as to cause the most serious alarm both to the Turkish pashas throughout all Asia, as well as to their master the sultan at Constantinople, and to the orthodox followers of Mahomet in general; and who had actually suffered themselves to be so far deluded as to their real strength, as to imagine that they might brave with impetuosity the British government in India. The succession of their rulers or princes were, 1st. Mahommed Ibn Saoud; 2d. Abdul Azeez Ibn Saoud; 3d. Saoud Ibn Abdul Azeez; 4th. Abdullah Ibn Saoud."

The best of their tenets, and one for which we could often desire to see the sect powerful in London, was, that they prohibited the smoking of cigars, as a disagreeable sin.

"The Wahaubys (says the author) considered the smoking tobacco to be unlawful (thinking, I suppose, that it slightly tends to disturb the brain); but it is well known that many Sunnee oulemas, in their writings, have declared it to be a forbidden practice; and indeed one of the four orthodox sects of the Musselmans (the followers of Iman Malek) pronounces it to be *hateful*."

With this we conclude. Most of those to whom the allegations of the author apply are now beyond the reach of human censure or praise,—some of them eminently distinguished by lives spent in brilliant action, for many years after the period of his turmoil and complaints; and we cannot but consider it a pity that he should have tried to rake up the ashes of forgotten things, which it were quite as well even for his own reputation that he had left to their natural oblivion.

National Lyrics, and Songs for Music. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. pp. 341. Dublin, 1834. Curry and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THERE is one song of Mrs. Hemans's own, which so exquisitely characterises her flowing music, that we shall quote it as the commencement of our criticism.

"The Rio Verde Song.
"Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody down;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from wo;
Bids thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams—
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams."

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the south,
Back to her childhood;
Her life's fairy ground;
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!
Dark glassy water,
So crimson'd of yore!
Love, death, and sorrow
Know thy green shore.
Thou shouldst have echoes
For grief's deepest tone—
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on!"

The first two verses express the charmed influence of her own silver song. Many "a lone spirit" will it bear "on the sound" back to the mournful and tender remembrances of other days—many a pleasant impression will be renewed—many a deep emotion stirred, by these pages. Again, let us quote our author's own words to describe the spirit of her verse; it is—

"A passion unto music given,
A sweet, yet piercing, cry;
A breaking heart's appeal to heaven,
A bright faith's victory."

Most of these poems have appeared before; some in various periodicals—some set to music; we shall, nevertheless, quote our own favourites, certain that, even if not new, they will at least be welcome to our readers:—

"The Zegri Maid.

"The summer leaves were sighing
Around the Zegri maid,
To her low sad song replying
As it fill'd the olive shade.
'Alas! for her that loveth
Her land's, her kindred's foe!
Where a Christian Spaniard rove'th,
Should a Zegri's spirit go?
From thy glance, my gentle mother!
I sink, with shame oppress'd,
And the dark eye of my brother
Is an arrow to my breast.'
Where summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zegri maid,
While the crimson day was dying
In the whispering olive shade.
'And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
This wo, in secret borne,
This flower of young life blasted,
Should I win back aught but scorn?
By aught but daily dying
Would my lone truth be repaid?
Where the olive leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zegri maid."

"The Lonely Bird.

"From a ruin thou art singing,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!
The soft blue air is ringing,
By thy summer music stir'd;
But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard:
Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird?
Thy song flows richly swelling,
To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern dwelling
A stream in glory bounds!
Though the casements catch no tone
Of human step or word,
Though the fires be quenched and the feasting
done,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!
How can that flood of gladness
Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay?
While dirge-notes in the breeze's moan,
Through the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!
There's many a heart, wild singer,
Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
Where love hath left his bower:
And there's many a spirit 'e'en like thee,
To mirth as lightly stir'd,
Though it soar from ruins in its gloe,
Oh! lonely, lonely bird!"

"The Voice of the Waves.

(Written near the Scene of a recent Shipwreck.)

"Answer, ye chiming waves,
That now in sunshine sweep;
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep!"

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to Heaven?

Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's under-tone—
Mortal, the strife of human woes
Where hath not nature known?

Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly sung;
The shriek upon the wind hath past,
The midnight sky hath rung.

And the youthful and the brave
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.

They are vanished from their place—
Let their homes and hearths make moan!
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone.

Alas! thou haughty deep!
The strong, the strong, the strong far!
My heart before thee dies—I weep
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
Even as the breath-stain from the glass,
Leaving no sigh behind!

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main,
Thou and the midnight sky—
Nought, save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony?

And the sea's voice replied—
"Here nobler things have been!
Power with the valiant when they died,
To sanctify the scene:

Courage, in fragile form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards through the storm,—
But all alike have passed."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not passed in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor wings again!

Thou, from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!"

Pure, correct, with a perfect ear for versification, and with a mind richly stored with all "material for poetic thought," Mrs. Hemans is the most classical of our writers. There is in her compositions something of the exquisite finish which belongs to sculpture: it has, too, all the high and ethereal air of cathedral music, softened by the tender breathings of suffering and affection. We observe in this collection two fine poems—"England's Dead" and "the Ivy"—which first appeared in our own pages. Since then, how many graceful companions have they gathered around them! We now close these charming pages, warmly commending them to that public favour which taste and feeling must alike ensure to their highly gifted author.

Captain Scott's Recollections of a Naval Life.

[Continuation: conclusion.]

SIR G. COCKBURN had influence enough with General Ross to induce him to attempt the enterprise, contrary to the instructions or orders of Admiral Sir A. Cochrane; and Capt. Scott expresses his clear opinion, that Baltimore would have fallen in the same manner had the same energetic counsels been followed.*

* "The admiral's advice was ably seconded by Lieut. Evans (the present member for Westminster), the acting quarter-master-general, an officer whose skill and gallantry were powerfully displayed throughout the Washington business and subsequent battle at Baltimore."

"The day after our return the whole of the troops were safely re-embarked. The rear-admiral's long-cherished ideas and plans had been acted upon, the blow had been struck, and his wishes triumphantly fulfilled, with a force so small as to reflect additional honour and credit upon the troops employed in its execution. It was the rear-admiral's ardent desire that our success should be followed up by an immediate attack upon Baltimore, not thirty-five miles distant from Washington, while the panic of our visit to the capital was yet strong upon the minds of the enemy. This idea was, I believe, ably seconded by the acting quarter-master-general, Lieut. Evans; but the risk was deemed too great, and the favourable moment was suffered to pass unheeded."

"Sir Alexander Cochrane had altered his plans, and determined upon attacking Baltimore. Unfortunately, the lapse of eighteen days gave the enemy an opportunity of perfecting their defences, and collecting a large body of troops from the surrounding country. Recovered from the panic excited by our entry into their capital, they left no means untried of preparing a vigorous resistance to any attack that might be made upon them. Had the resolution of attacking Baltimore been adopted immediately after our success at Washington, there existed a well-grounded hope that it would have fallen an easy conquest to our arms; but now we had to take the 'bull by the horns,' instead of pursuing a beaten enemy."

The advance had proceeded as at Washington, when Sir G. Cockburn despatched the author to his commander, and the result is thus given:—

"After some time spent in discussing the matter, of which I was the bearer, an open letter was delivered to me by the commander-in-chief, under circumstances precisely similar to those already related after the destruction of Commodore Barney's flotilla. That letter contained an order to the rear-admiral, in the following words: 'You are on no account to attack the enemy, unless positively certain of success.' I reached the head-quarters about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment the rear-admiral and general were returning from a reconnoitring party. The former in high spirits thus addressed me: 'Well, S—, have you delivered my message to the commander-in-chief? We have had an excellent view of their defences; before two o'clock to-morrow morning all that you now see (pointing out the lines on the Chincopink hills) will be ours. What force is to assist us on the water-side?'

In tendering the open letter of Sir Alexander Cochrane, I observed, 'I trust, sir, the contents of this despatch will not frustrate yours and the general's plans.' The perusal of the letter dispelled the animated smile of confidence from his brow, and he handed it to General Brooke; it was evident that there was a break down. The rear-admiral was still for proceeding in the execution of the arrangement for storming the works; but the general did not deem himself authorised in so doing, after the communication of the commander-in-chief. It ended in a council of war being summoned by General Brooke, to which the admiral was invited, but which he instantly declined. The deliberation lasted till midnight, when the majority of the assembled officers decided upon a retreat; and at half-past one in the morning of the 14th of September, we commenced our retrograde movement. Six or seven miles from the position we had quitted, we bivouacked for the night. The field of battle of the 12th was passed, and numbers of the American bodies, entirely stripped, were still lying scattered about, presenting a horrid, disgusting spectacle. During the march, the rear of the column were emerging from a wood into an open space, when the report of the enemy being close upon our heels, caused the troops to wheel into line on each side of the high road, and form the order of battle. The spirits and enthusiasm of the men were immediately re-kindled. 'What! you are not satisfied, Jonathan, arn't you?' 'You want another dose!' 'Come along then, you beggars! we are all ready for you!' might be heard issuing from the ranks, as the veterans of the Peninsula were handling and preparing their arms. It

was a false alarm, and the column moved on to the ground which it was to occupy for the night. On the 15th the whole returned to North Point, and embarked in the course of the afternoon, without seeing a man of the enemy, or having received an iota of annoyance on our slow return to the boats.* It was a mortifying result after the brilliant success of the 12th; and we felt it to be doubly vexatious on acquiring the knowledge that, had the proposed attack been persevered in, it would have prospered, commissioners having been actually appointed on the part of the enemy to treat for the safety of the town. But it is a sad subject, and I will no longer dwell on unpleasant reminiscences."†

The death of General Ross in a skirmish, and of Sir Peter Parker, are melancholy incidents; but from his character of him throughout this embittering warfare, it would seem as if, in the author's eyes at least, had any accident happened to his own gallant leader, who was in the front of every fight, the country would have lost as great a hero in Sir George Cockburn, as in any, the best and bravest, of her sons. Very many noble traits are related of him: his justice in paying for every provision where resistance did not forfeit it to the usages of war, his generosity, his humanity, are all told, trumpet-tongued, against the monstrous clamours with which he was assailed, and supported by absolute statements, with place and date, which, if not true, may readily be refuted. We confess that we credit them; for the American press certainly painted their bugaboo devil too black for belief. *Voilà le f— Malbrug* was a jest in the quieting of naughty children to what the name of Cockburn would be if he had committed (so unlike a Briton!) a hundredth part of the atrocities charged upon him. At any rate, he was brave as his sword:—

"Previously to the commencement of the attack" (no matter which), "the rear-admiral, who was well known to the enemy from his white horse and gold-laced hat, rode along the line from left to right, at a foot pace. The instant he was perceived, the fire of the enemy's guns seemed to follow him the whole length of the line; the shot might be seen grazing before, behind, under, and passing over his horse. I several times heard the troops, as he approached in front of them, jokingly exclaim, 'Look out, my lads, here is the admiral coming; you'll have it directly.'"

In Cumberland Island an American sailor attempted to assassinate him in a singular manner:—

"He assumed to give information of his countrymen's movements, but in a manner so

* "The public despatches and every army and navy officer present will corroborate my statement. They cannot fail of being amused at the desperate heroism of Sergeant Killer, whose astonishing feat of arms called forth the applause of General Winder, as will be seen from the following extract of an order promulgated by the American commander-in-chief, at the head of his troops, September 18th, 1814.—(*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. page 30)."

"The bold and intrepid charge that Sergeant Killer, of Captain Bird's company, made upon the rear guard of the retreating enemy with but three dragoons, in which he dispersed a guard of eighteen fusiliers, taking six of them prisoners, in despite of their fire and shot of a four-pounder within half-cannon distance, which made three discharges at him, deserves the highest approbation; and the skill and dexterity with which he accomplished this bold achievement, proves he will be competent to a more considerable command, to which the justice of his government will no doubt advance him."

"Robert G. Hite, Assist. Adj. Gen."

† "It appears that our retreat has been considered so glorious to the American arms, that a 'battle monument' has been erected by the Baltimoreans to commemorate the event. It is to be hoped that Sergeant Killer's brilliant exploit is duly recorded upon it."

unsatisfactory, as not to gain the slightest credit. He was the tool, it is to be feared, of some degenerate conclave. In the middle of the night he approached the admiral's tent with the intention of entering it, when he was stopped by the sentinel. He now acted the part of a tipsy man, and insisted upon speaking to the admiral; the altercation brought the serjeant of the guard to the spot, who ordered him off. Finding the mask he had assumed of no avail, and despairing of attaining his end by fair means, he resorted to other measures, and endeavoured to force an entry. Pushing the serjeant on one side, he attempted to rush by the sentinel, but the latter was too quick; he brought his piece to the charge, the deserter knocked it on one side, and a struggle ensued. The serjeant settled the business; the deserter received the reward of his perfidy and folly by being bayoneted on the spot. On searching the body, he was found to be armed with loaded pocket pistols, and a short stiletto concealed in his breast. His intention cannot be doubted; but it fills the mind with pity and contempt for the degenerate beings who could urge on another to the commission of a deed of such fearful import as that of assassination."

We shall finish with some extracts relative to Washington:—

"We were," says Capt. S., "just on the point of entering the open space where the Capitol stood, and abreast of a large house on our left (I believe an hotel), and Mr. Gallatin's on our right, when we were assailed by a volley from three hundred men who had sheltered themselves in the Capitol, and a cross fire from the houses on either side of us. The general's horse was killed on the spot, and several of the guard that accompanied us. After this wanton display of irritating hostility, the Americans cheered, and retreated down the Capitol hill into the principal avenue leading towards the president's palace, the head-quarters of the enemy. And here I must be allowed to point out the unjust observations of a brother officer, who, in treating on this subject, has thrown a shade over our proceedings at this particular juncture, which has no foundation in fact; it has already been animadverted upon by a very able writer upon naval affairs. He remarks that he had at first believed it to be the splenetic effusion of an American writer; and such a conclusion was just in its construction. Captain Brenton states, 'A little musketry from one of the houses in the town, which killed the general's horse, was all the resistance they met with: this was quickly silenced, the house burnt, and the people within it put to death.' The world is left to infer from this passage, that the Americans had been cruelly massacred upon their own hearths. It is to be regretted that Captain Brenton did not make himself master of the fact, before he hazarded such a stigma upon his country. I denominate 'a little musketry' to have been a heavy fire from our front, and a tolerably smart cross one from the houses on the right and left. I was the officer ordered by Rear-Admiral Cockburn to break into the houses, which were barricaded at the bottom. It was effected with some little difficulty, and I do most positively assert that not a single individual of the enemy was put to death in the houses to the right, nor am I aware of any one having suffered at the hotel; in short, I cannot offer more conclusive evidence in support of my assertion than that we found no one to put to death. The Americans, finding our passage inevitable, made their escape at the back of the premises before our entry. Had they continued the defence, it is probable they

would have met the fate of war: but a surrender would have ensured their lives, as securely as Captain Brenton may consider his to be in his own drawing-room. The houses were, however, consigned to the flames; they had been appropriated to the uses of war, and it is not to be supposed that they could be allowed to become again the source of annoyance and destruction to our men. The Capitol received the fate for which its late proprietors had thoughtlessly reserved it, by converting it into a place of arms.

"After the destruction of the Capitol, a party was ordered to take possession of the fort at Greenleaf Point. The Admiral and Gen. Ross then descended the Capitol hill, with about one hundred and fifty men, and entered the heart of the city, by the Pennsylvania avenue. This was a fine and spacious causeway, with a road on each side for equestrians, outside of which were two broad pathways for the accommodation of the more humble pedestrian; the whole was beautifully planted with a row of trees, separating them from each other. The president's palace, a handsome stone building, so lately the head-quarters of the enemy, stood at the extremity of the avenue, and was evacuated by the guard of soldiers, with their two field-pieces, only a few minutes before we made ourselves masters of the place. We found the cloth laid for the expected victorious generals, and all the appliances and means to form a feast worthy the resolute champions of republican freedom. A large store of super-excellent Madeira and other costly wines stood cooling in ice in one corner of the spacious dining-room; the patriotic efforts of these heroes were deemed deserving of the generous libations to be that night poured on the altar of American glory. Deceitful calculations! Where breathed the staunch-hearted citizen that would have dared to hint the possibility of 'British serpents' gliding their vily bodies into the sacred retreat, and appropriating to themselves the consecrated viands? Such, however, was the damning fact. Fagged nearly to death, dusty, feverish, and thirsty, in my extremity I absolutely blessed them for their erring providence. Never was nectar more grateful to the palates of the gods, than the crystal goblet of Madeira and water I quaffed off at Mr. Madison's expense. I was recruited in an instant. The beautiful apartments were hastily visited; passing through the president's dressing-room, (which from its disordered state, opened drawers, and half-filled portmanteaus, must have been abandoned in the midst of packing up,) the snowy clean linen tempted me to take the liberty of making a very fair exchange; I accordingly doffed my inner garment, and thrust my unworthy person into a shirt belonging to no less a personage than the chief magistrate of the United States: the operation equalled in luxury and benefit the draught in the banquetting-room. On the walls hung a small portrait of the president's lady. Surrounded by the aristocracy of the republican court, and in the presence of the foreign ministers, she had only a few days before, in all the pride of security, trampled upon the British ensign, prematurely spread under the chair of state by the heroes of the 'Bladensburg races.' Little did the lady president, or her martial lord, dream that the flag thus indignantly treated, would anon triumphantly wave over the walls that witnessed the wanton insult, or so soon be blackened by retributive justice. The treasury was next visited, but the specie had been safely conveyed away. The building was fired, before the discovery of a strong iron door, that resisted all the efforts made to break it open. It was pre-

sumed to be the stronghold and deposit of all the valuables. The window was forced in, and the first officer who descended into the apartment, gave information that it contained several weighty boxes. The flames had driven our men from the passage which communicated with the apartment. Great was the bustle attendant on handing through the window the supposed chests of treasure; our anxiety to extricate them from the flames ceased on finding that the contents would by no means compensate us for our exertions and possible suffocation, and they were left to their fate. The secretary of state's office shared the fate of the treasury. It was near midnight, when, in passing a handsome row of houses, we observed one standing a little aback and apart from the rest: some good friend of the editor of the 'National Intelligencer' pointed it out to the admiral, as the office of the American government paper. It had ever taken the lead, and given the key-note to the republican press, in vilifying England and the English. The editor was reported to be an Irish renegade. Its fate was decreed, and a few minutes would have seen it a prey to the devouring element—when a party of ladies, inhabitants of the adjoining houses, came forward to meet the admiral (whom they only knew as a superior officer) to entreat that he would spare the building, as its destruction would endanger their property. The order was immediately countermanded; but a lieutenant and a party of blue jackets volunteered to pull the house down; and in less than two hours it was razed to the ground. The reams of paper, files of gazettes, foreign and domestic, and all the inflammable materials, had been previously conveyed to some distance in the rear, and a bonfire made of them. The types and the whole paraphernalia of the printing establishment then underwent the ceremony of an *auto da fe*, a fitting purification of the instruments of corruption and falsehood emanating from a traitorous proprietor. The demolition was effected by removing the window-frames, and then passing a stout rope round that part of the walls which separated the windows from each other; 'a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,' dragged them forward, and the whole superincumbent weight came tumbling down, and presented a mass of ruins in the time I have described. It may certainly be considered as highly complimentary to the British name, that the majority of the ladies remained in their habitations, notwithstanding the alarm bell (alias the press) had pealed forth its warning note, and rang its most dolorous changes upon the savage barbarity of our acts and manners: we must suppose the fair sex turned a deaf ear to these idle clamours, or they would scarcely have dared English vengeance and brutality. But a mystery, yet unsolved, involves the motives that induced fathers, husbands, and brothers, to leave their wives, daughters, and sisters, to the guardianship and mercy of men whose bearing and actions they had so wantonly blackened. The success of the fair petitioners emboldened others to advance, and in a few minutes the admiral was surrounded by a host of lovely women, who certainly outshone their countrymen in generalship on the capture of their metropolis. The kind affable manner in which he calmed their fears, his lively conversation and gentlemanly demeanour, soon won upon their better feelings, and insensibly chased away from their minds foes, captured city, defeat, and disgrace. This singular reunion of the victors and the families of the vanquished, took place in the Pennsylvania avenue, close to the scene, and while the destruction of the Intelligencer office was going

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on. It was only dissolved by one of the ladies inviting the admiral to enter her dwelling and partake of the refreshments prepared for him: he accepted the welcome offer, and courteously wishing the fair strangers good night, begged that they would retire to their pillows in confidence and peace. I was about to follow my chief, but my steps were arrested by a gently urged request that I would favour them with the name of the delightful officer who had just quitted them. 'Why, that is the vile monster, Cock-burn,' was my reply. A half-uttered shriek of terror escaped from the lips of some of them, as the dreaded name tingled on their ears. The announcement was electrifying. Altogether impossible—it could not be—I was amusing myself at their expense. My plighted word at last convinced them of the astounding fact that they had absolutely stood in the presence of, and amicably conversed with, that most venomous of all 'British serpents,' and for whose head a reward of one thousand dollars had been publicly offered. Such was the state of American prejudice at that period. Greatly refreshed by the good cheer offered to us by the hospitable lady, the admiral returned to the headquarters established on the Capitol hill."

Here we conclude. As the Americans have widely charged the British with falsehoods and exaggerations, it will do good to hear so stout a testimony on the other side. Assuredly our force seems (in the American authorities quoted by Captain S.) to increase wonderfully after every battle where so many are slain—as if instead of the killed, wounded, and missing, being subtracted, they were always added to the array. Perhaps it may be so; but we are incredulous. After all it is a foolish thing either way to under-rate one's foes. What is the triumph of a victory over cowards? Don Quixote's over the flock of sheep!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Library of Romance. Edited by Leitch Ritchie. Vol. XI. *The Sea-Wolf.* London, 1834. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is much adventure and animation in these pages, but the materials are not very skillfully concocted; there are some bold and spirited scenes, but they hang loosely together, and the thread of the narrative wants closer knitting. The idea of Mr. Woodville, a man who strives to regulate his conduct by the unmoved philosophy of the Stoic and the Indian, is original; but the character is forced and unnatural on paper. The prophet Michael Stonar is a complete failure; inasmuch as the mystery of his conduct is left unexplained: yet, even with this fault, some of the scenes in which he appears are very effective. If this volume be, as we believe, a first production, we think its writer will do much better: the creative needs judgment to make it efficient as a creative power. Experience is as useful in this matter as in most others. Our best advice to a young novel-writer, is to bear in mind that every fact leads, or should lead, to a consequence. It is a reproach made in some satire to a fair and resolute dame, that "for every why she had a wherefore." Now, what was a fault in the lady, is a merit in the novelist; and it is, as Hortense says of the decorative part of her furniture,—

"C'est plus qu'utile, c'est nécessaire."

Questions on Astronomy, and a New System proposed, with two illustrative Plates. By J. P. Anquetil. Paris. Dondey-Dupré. By the author of this treatise supposes that the sun owes its origin to an immense nebula, from

which it has been projected, and round which it now circulates in some vast orbit. In a similar way, the planets and comets of the system are considered to be the offspring of the sun, and the satellites as offshoots from their respective primaries. Also, that these various globes are hollow, and move in an ethereal fluid, which fills space.

"This fluid is put in movement by an unknown centre, communicating to that fluid the action of an universal lever, by which means this centre obliges its satellites or stars to turn; the sun, one of these satellites thus rapidly conveyed, must at the same time turn upon itself or round its axis. The sun, by thus turning, puts in movement the surrounding fluid; so far as its influence can extend, that movement of the fluid is a second lever, by which the sun forces its satellites or planets to turn round itself; one of these satellites is the earth, which in like manner sets its satellite, the moon, in movement. All those levers being the same fluid, they convey the globes through space; one of those globes serves as a central point to several other globes, which in their turn serve again as centre to a number of less globes. All those separate movements of the fluid unite in a general movement, as several currents of water mix in one stream, and flow along the channel of an immense river."

Independent of other considerations, the theory which traces the origin of our satellite the moon to a terrestrial volcano, verges towards absurdity: according to M. Anquetil, our earth, a globe of eight thousand miles in diameter, throws forth from a huge crater, the moon, another globe which is more than two thousand miles in diameter. This, and other speculations ventured on by the writer, savour too much of those hypotheses which profess to account for the present beautiful arrangement of the solar system by the influence of a violent and terrific agency!!

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. LIII. *History: Europe during the Middle Ages.* Vol. III. London, Longman and Co.; Taylor.

THE volume commences about the middle of the 5th century, and affords a fair résumé of the Anglo-Saxon period, and afterwards the Normans and Plantagenets, as their acts contributed to form our constitution. The second portion is an interesting account of the early church, its saints and martyrs, &c.

The preceding vol. (LII.) is a well-arranged History of the Christian Church, by the Rev. H. Stebbing; with one of H. Corbould's excellent designs as a vignette. Of this artist, who so frequently comes before us in these beautiful but unobtrusive productions, we may truly say that he touches nothing which he does not adorn by his fancy and talent. His invention seems to be inexhaustible, and his taste keeps pace with his invention. With regard to the volume itself, it is written with much care, and in a right tone; in both respects doing great credit to the estimable author.

The Short-hand Standard attempted, by an Analysis of the Circle, as an introductory Foundation of a new System of Stenography, which demonstratively proves that a Speaker can be followed with one-third less Inflections of the Pen, and consequently, in one-third less time than by any other System extant. By Thomas Moat. 8vo. Tegg and Sons.

IN this work there are a great many improvements upon old systems, and some new matter; but we think the author is mistaken in many of what he styles his inventions. For instance,

he lays claim to the adoption of ruled lines, when nearly, if not all the copying books of the London reporters refute this assertion.

Specimens of the Types commonly used in Moyes's Printing-Office: also Impressions from the Press appropriated to Wood-Engravings. 2d edition. Printed by James Moyes, for private circulation.

THE press has been called the fifth element; we should rather call it the elixir of knowledge,—that which confers on knowledge an earthly immortality. Formerly, by what an uncertain tenure the strongholds of science were held! The manuscript was as perishing as the mind whence it emanated. It needed, as Victor Hugo observes, "but a torch and a Turk to destroy, with the Library at Alexandria, the toil of centuries—the intellectual wealth of half the world's existence." The pyramid and the temple were the gigantic books of the earth's youth. Amid the ruins of Thebes, or the mighty Caves of Ellora, we must look for the carved annals of former ages. Architecture was history; now, air itself is scarcely more diffused than intellect. Mr. Moyes's printing-office concentrates more information, and spreads more intelligence, than the Ptolemies ever collected or Omar destroyed. The present slight volume is one of humanity's wonderful triumphs: we see at once how the subtle thought is fixed and disseminated: that which was once an essence has become a substance. The sculptured records of the olden times demanded tyrants and slaves—life and treasure both poured out like water: and when the monstrous marbles were finished, how little that can avail the present was perpetuated by their mysterious symbols! In our era, "a book is soon made, costs so little, and can be sent so far." The press is now the ever-flowing ocean of the human mind; and, like its vast prototype, only to be destroyed when the globe itself shall perish. From the general we proceed to the individual instance, and must point attention to the neat and rapid execution, the moral and mechanical power of which these pages are an evidence. They contain specimens of an infinite variety of type, marked by the most delicate and beautiful finish; and the wood-engravings are exquisite. To this is added a very interesting summary of the origin of printing. We conclude by observing, that the very sheet in which these remarks appear is a weekly proof of the activity, neatness, and intelligence of Mr. Moyes's establishment.

Cunningham's Life and Works of Burns.

Vol. IV. Cochrane and McCrone.

ABOUT 160 of Burns's Lyrics, with many interesting annotations. Not half of these have appeared in Currie's edition; and some are little known as the poet's compositions. Others were contributed to Johnson's *Musical Miscellany*. The whole together make an excellent and various volume.

The Art of Heraldry. 18mo. pp. 128. London, 1834. Harding and King.

A LITTLE manual, which might have been done better. On the same subject we have just had placed before us Clark's Introduction to Heraldry, of which, having noticed it formerly, it is sufficient to say that this is edition the twelfth.

The Cabinet Annual Register for 1833. Pp. 452. London, 1834, Washbourne; Edinburgh, Cadell.

As hitherto, very neat, very comprehensive, and very useful. Indeed, it is improved in typography and appearance.

Constable's Miscellany, LXXX. The Book of Butterflies, III. London, 1834. Whitaker; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

THE best portion of this little volume is the extracts from Dr. Roxburgh and Mr. Atkinson, respecting the Tusseh, Jarroo, Arrindy, and other silk-worm moths of India and China. For the rest, the butterflies and sphinges are prettily coloured, and the letter-press sufficing.

The Romance of History: France. By Leitch Ritchie. Vol. II. Bull and Churton. A FAIR continuation of four romances, with the designs on wood by T. Landseer.

SCHOOL BOOKS, AND FOR THE YOUNG.

Livre de Classe, &c. Par L. T. Ventouillac. Pp. 376. London, Parker; Low.

A FINE selection of pieces, beautiful in style and delightful in the higher requisites of talent and genius. We know no volume we could place with more pleasure in the hands of a reader, desirous, at the same time, of improving the mind, and studying, in well-chosen examples, the best compositions and authors in the French language.

The Little Philosopher. By Jacob Abbott. 24mo. pp. 177. London, Seeley.

A BOOK of instruction, if all of which were understood (and it is to be understood readily by diligence and attention), the little philosopher would know as much as would be eminently useful to himself, and put him at least on a par with many grown-up persons who live in the world and are not laughed at for ignorance.

The Teacher. By the same Author, &c. 12mo. pp. 328.

MR. ABBOTT is the principal of Mount Vernon School; and this illustration of the moral influences desirable in tuition reflects great credit on his right feeling and judgment.

Geometry without Axioms, &c. 5th Edition. London. Heward.

WE delivered our opinion on the preceding edition: the present is enlarged and improved.

RELIGIOUS.

An Argument to prove the Truth of the Christian Revelation. By the Earl of Rosse. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1834. Murray.

AFFLICTION is a powerful teacher of religion. Nature, struck and buffeted here, aspires to a future of calm and repose, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The lacerated heart clings with fond desire to the vision of another and a better world; and the soul, whose earthly enjoyments have all been turned to bitterness and misery, earnestly seeks, by such "Argument" as the author has explored, for the consoling evidence on which it may safely lay down the burden of its worldly sorrows, and anchor the tempest-tossed bark of its eternal hopes.

Deprived by death of a beloved son, whose acquirements, talents, and virtues, promised all that a parent could wish, the Earl of Rosse applied to the Christian faith for consolation. During the long period of his grief, he "studied the subject of this argument," and he has dedicated it to the memory of him whose filial piety and gentle manners awoke the woe and demanded the remedy.

Not only to those whose minds may be, in like manner, afflicted by the loss of the dear and precious, but to every reader of good feeling, whether in regard to matters human or divine, we conscientiously recommend the volume. It is well calculated to re-assure the doubting and solace the suffering. Simply

and affectingly written, it examines the topics which most concern the welfare of mankind. The existence of a God; the necessity for revelation; the agreement of the Mosaic account of the creation with the discoveries of modern science; miracles; prophecies and their fulfilment; a future state,—are all dwelt upon in a plain and persuasive manner, which merits the sympathy and the gratitude of every member of the Christian community.

Lay Sermons. By the Ettrick Shepherd. 12mo. pp. 330. London, 1834. Fraser.

THERE is too much to be said of these strangely named and curious essays to enable us to do them justice this week; and we shall now, therefore, only commend them to the public attention they so well deserve.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. C. H. SMITH on marble, and its adaptation to ornamental purposes.—Mr. S. observed that limestone assumed the important name of marble, and adverted to the various processes which it underwent previous to its being rendered perfect. He pointed out the different kinds; and by placing a small piece of black Derbyshire marble in a glass of cold water, exhibited its chemical affinities. He particularly described the nature of those marbles which were most susceptible of superior polish, and dwelt much on the variegated beauties of the marbles of Devonshire. Mr. Smith alluded to the imperfect state of the Carrara marble, and exemplified his allusion by mentioning that a statue of George III., formed from that material, and which had been placed in the Royal Exchange, even in the short period since that monarch's reign, had been removed on account of its decay; and he confirmed his statement by crumbling a piece of it between his fingers. He observed, that the triumphal arch to the New Palace at Buckingham Gate was built of the same material; and he felt no hesitation in declaring, that, in his opinion, in less than a century it would be in a very dilapidated state. Mr. Smith, in the course of his illustration, described the manner of etching ornamental designs on marble. He also minutely explained, by aid of engravings, the beautiful display of different kinds of marble used in the temples at Rome and Athens.—The Society, since our last notice, have voted their large gold medal to Mr. Grant, for his very ingenious machine for making sea biscuit. The annual election of the officers of the Society took place on Wednesday. The Duke of Sutherland was elected vice-president, in the room of his late father; and Richard Wilson, Esq. and Benjamin Rotch, Esq., were also elected vice-presidents in the places of Joseph Hume, Esq. and William Tooke, Esq. who go out by rotation.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Partly read, Observations on some species of native mammalia, birds, and fishes, including additions to the British Fauna, by Wm. Thompson, Esq. To this paper we will return.—There was exhibited a specimen of a plant, new to the British Flora, discovered in the river Shannon, near Limerick, by Mr. Harvey, of that city. It is *Polamogeton praelongus*, supposed hitherto to be only peculiar to Germany. Among the additions to the British Fauna referred to in Mr. Thompson's paper, was the *Larus Sabini*, originally discovered by Capt. Sabine in Capt. Parry's first arctic voyage.

The specimen which was exhibited at the meeting is that of a young bird of the year.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY on the definite action of electricity. This subject was a development of that part of Mr. Faraday's seventh series of experimental researches which relates to the definite chemical action of electricity. He connected it with the theory of definite chemical action of powderable bodies founded by Dalton, at the same time pointing out the great distinctions between that and the electrical action, as to the mode in which the forces operated. We have so fully reported Mr. Faraday's views on this subject, under the head of "Royal Society," in the *Literary Gazette* for the 15th of February, that we have only now to refer our readers to that report. At the close of his discourse, Mr. Faraday received a note from the chairman, which communicated to him the death of Mr. Fuller, whose munificence towards the Royal Institution we have had more than once great pleasure in recording. It was immediately announced to the members,—not without feeling, though in few words. The remains of Mr. Fuller were conveyed from London to Rose Hill yesterday, in consequence of which the Royal Institution was partially closed during the day; and there was no meeting in the evening.

Lieut. Drummond's Artificial Lights. National Gallery of Practical Science.

THERE was on Wednesday evening literally a most brilliant exhibition of Lieut. Drummond's intense lights, applicable to light-houses, telegraphic signals, geodetical operations, and all purposes which require such light to be visible at great distances. Many hundreds of the most distinguished patrons of science and eminent practical scientific men were present on this interesting occasion; and the series of experiments were conducted with extraordinary effect; Mr. Payne, the manager of the gallery, having made all the previous arrangements which were requisite with great skill and judgment.

About two years ago we gave an account of Lieut. Drummond's method of producing this powerful glare of light, by the action of oxygen and hydrogen gas in a state of combustion on a ball of lime. We now saw an Argand lamp, with parabolic reflectors of such prodigious splendour that, as it revolved, it has been visible forty-four miles off; but even this was incomparably excelled by one of the new combinations, so dazzling that no eye could bear to gaze upon it in the line of reflection; and it was stated to be visible at the distance of sixty-six miles!! The next experiment was, we rather think, made for the first time in public, and consisted of the emission of the electric spark, with a parabolic reflector, and so rapidly continued as to form a perfectly continuous light. This was beautiful; and a magneto-electric light, demonstrating the efficacy of galvanism in producing intensity, was not less so. Coloured lights were also exhibited; and, altogether, a more gratifying display of admirable and useful science never came under our cognizance. The noble gallery was crowded; and every visitor expressed delight and astonishment at the splendid varieties presented to their view.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MR. C. W. WYNN, president, in the chair.—Among the donations presented were the fol-

lowing—from Professor Burnouf, his Commentaire sur le Yagna, one of the Parsi religious books; from Mr. G. Frere, the San-Kwoche, or History of the Three Kingdoms, and other works in Chinese; from the Royal Society, the Philosophical Transactions for 1833; from the College of Surgeons, a Catalogue of their Museum, &c. &c. Thanks were returned.

Mr. Bird read a biographical sketch of the late Capt. M'Murdo, of the Bombay Establishment. This officer was the youngest son of Major M'Murdo, of the Dumfriesshire militia, and was sent to India as a cadet in the military service of the East India Company; his first public employment was on the occasion of an expedition being sent against the Mauritius, when he was appointed to the staff of Sir John Abercromby. On his return, in 1812, he was nominated agent for the affairs of Cutch, and was sent on a mission to the coasts of Mekran, Sindh, and Cutch, with a view to check the piratical practices of the inhabitants. His attention being more particularly drawn to the ancient history, the resources, and productions of Sindh, and the state of the river Indus, he exerted himself very much in procuring information on those points, which was greatly facilitated by his being appointed government agent on the Jhalawar frontier, and subsequently resident at the court of the Rad of Cutch. He expended considerable sums in procuring scarce Persian MSS. treating on the subjects in which he was so much interested, and contributed two papers to the Trans. of the Lit. Soc. of Bombay; two others are now in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society. Capt. M'Murdo died of cholera, at a distance from his European friends, on the 28th April, 1820, in the 35th year of his age. Mr. Bird concludes his memoir by an analysis of Capt. M'Murdo's literary performances, and a brief sketch of his character. Thanks were returned to the author.

Lieut. Burnes exhibited his collection of Bactrian and other coins, obtained by him during his recent journeys. The collection contains many of great rarity and value; among them is one of a square form, originally supposed to be Sanscrit, but proving to be Bactrian; a great number are from the tope of Manikyala, described by Mr. Elphinstone in his mission to Cabul, and of which Lieut. Burnes produced a drawing; it is now considered to be a Buddhist edifice. Fac-similes of these coins are preparing, we believe, for insertion in Lieut. Burnes's forthcoming narrative of his adventurous excursions. Adjourned.

THE Duke of Sussex had a crowded *soirée* on Saturday last; previous to which a dinner-party of twenty-four royal, noble, and eminent persons sat down together; and at nine o'clock adjourned to the rooms up stairs, where they remained a considerable time, engaged in conversation, and in viewing some of the choice articles of the library, and some interesting models exhibited by Mr. C. H. Smith, sculptor, on which he had recently lectured at the Society of Arts. The gallery library was filled with a series of drawings, intended to illustrate and characterise the architectural antiquities of different nations and ages; tracing the same from the Indian excavations of Ellora, through Egypt, Greece, Italy, and the middle ages. The last class was arranged to display some striking varieties of the Christian, or ecclesiastical, castellated, and old domestic architecture. These drawings constitute part of a very large series belonging to Mr. Britton's Lectures on Architectural Antiquities. That gentleman had the honour of

presenting to his Royal Highness a Memoir of Sir John Soane, with his portrait, of which only twenty-five copies were printed. On the table we observed a very spirited and fine allegorical drawing by the late James Barry, representing the royal nuptials of George the Third. There were also two volumes of etchings from drawings by the late Mr. Thomas Hope, of the architecture of the middle ages in Italy and Germany. We understand that his son, one of the members for Gloucester, has arranged his father's MSS., with a hundred of these etchings, for publication.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.
(Fifth Notice.)

No. 463. *A Subject from Chevy-Chase*, and No. 482. *Lord Byron's Dream*. A. J. Woolmer.—In character and contrast no two works can be more complete, shewing at the same time the versatile powers of the artist. The first, sad and sombre in its dusky light; the latter, all glittering and clinquant with armour and costume. The background and accessories of each are in keeping with its subject; and we never recollect to have seen Mr. Woolmer's talents to greater advantage.

No. 376. *Smugglers Resting*. H. P. Parker.—Under any form, subjects of this class cannot fail to create interest from the hand of this distinguished artist. The bearing of the principal figure is well suited to the daring character of his profession.

No. 379. *Hyde Park Corner*. James Holland.—Appears to singular advantage in the view thus given, with the intended (we believe) improvements of triumphal trophies. The sunny light upon the architectural entrances contrasts well with the rude materials which form the foreground.

No. 383. *View in the Island of Delos, shewing a Temple dedicated to the Mithraic Worship*. G. Maddox.—Whether founded on the fragment of some ancient remains, or the creation of a cultivated imagination, the character and composition of this performance are classic, striking, and interesting.

No. 470. *The Tribune at Florence*. S. Davis.—One of the artist's most finished pictures. The effect of light is admirable; and the two friars, with their ascetic features, and russet and coarse costume, are in fine contrast with marble statues of beauty, grace, and strength.

No. 388. *Composition*. C. Steedman.—In style, execution, and colour, partaking much of that which is seen in the works of Salvator Rosa and of Francesco Mola; but enriched with qualities of art quite sufficient to vindicate the originality of the artist's powers.

No. 411. *The Old Squire bartering with Gipsies for a Dog*. C. Hancock.—A little of what appears a forced effect in the opposition of dark against light in the figure of the old squire; but the character of the animals, and their varied and natural actions, are well portrayed, and skillfully treated in point of execution. The gipsy girl is perhaps somewhat too much in masquerade.

No. 440. *The Dying Patriot, a Sketch*. J. M. Leigh.—In this sketch we recognise the qualities of a fine composition; and the materials are such as shew that the powers of the artist are sufficiently prepared to embrace subjects in the higher walks of art, should occasion or encouragement come in aid of his efforts.

No. 481. *Boats in Sea-reach*. G. Chambers.

—We do not remember to have seen any thing in the Flemish, or indeed in any school of art, superior in truth of representation to the water in this performance, which is throughout, in style and execution, a master-piece of its kind.

No. 422. *Greeks taking Coffee in a Kiosk*. E. F. Green.—A brilliant effect of light and colour; with beautiful clearness and transparency in the flesh of the female.

No. 402. *The South Pier and Fort Rouge, Calais*, &c. J. B. Pyne.—No. 471. *Timber-Ship on shore near Aberistwith*. W. R. Earl.—No. 469. *The Cobbler's Happy Moment*. A. Fraser.—No. 487. *Kitten and But*, &c.—are all well deserving of notice.

No. 565. *A View of Caerphilly Castle, South Wales*. T. Fielding.—This view is represented under a singular and mysterious effect of light and shade, which gives great originality to the scene.

No. 534. *Water-Mill*. J. Stark.—As we have already had occasion to observe, mills are, in most instances, picturesque and agreeable features in rural scenery. The example before us possesses every quality in character and execution to render it interesting; and is an object which it would be always pleasant to have before one's eyes. The same may be said of No. 542, *Going to the Fair*, T. Clater; in which the cheerful group seem not only to have heard Hope's whisper of "promised pleasure," but to be enjoying it in anticipation. The picture is skillfully and carefully painted.

No. 502. *Balaam blessing the Israelites*. Henry Warren.—The path of this artist has been for the most part among fields and meadows; with now and then a trip to the seacoast. A subject like this is therefore an enterprise. Although the situation of the picture will not allow us to judge fairly of it, the general effect is bold and striking.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, OLD BOND STREET.

[Third and concluding notice.]

No. 116. *Landscape Compositions*; and No. 113. *Chaucer's Inn, Southwark*. George Sydney Shepherd.—These two productions exhibit the talents of the artist, both in the free and in the finished style of art: the latter, in keeping with the subject, broken and abrupt; the former, mellow in its tone, and gradually melting into a beautiful distance.

No. 120. *Windsor Castle*. E. Duncan.—Though the subject has been often repeated, we have never seen a more interesting view of this noble structure. As a work of art, in character and execution it is entitled to be placed among the first in its class.

No. 165. J. B. Pyne,—is a frame containing nine examples of landscape studies, all brilliant and spirited specimens of the artist's powers.

No. 295. *Halt of Dutch Peasants*; and No. 296. *Dutch Cart on the Road*, J. L. Co. lignan, are of the same sparkling and brilliant character as those last mentioned.

No. 158. *The Linn of Dee, Aberdeenshire*. G. B. Campion.—A traveller in love with the beauties of nature, a painter looking out for a subject for his pencil, or a poet seeking some secluded spot for meditation, would hardly have found a place more suited to his wish than the Linn of Dee—if the artist has not deceived us.

No. 184. *Stone-yard at Bankside*. George Sydney Shepherd.—Whatever may be the future destination of this block of stone, it never will be seen to more advantage than in its present situation. Not only is it valuable in itself, but

it gives value to the grey tone in which our first and finest metropolitan church appears.

No. 151. *Mill near Ashburton, Devonshire*, F. W. Watts; No. 187. *Scene on the Thames, Westminster*, W. R. Hardwick; No. 210. *On the Sands, near Bologne*, A. G. Vickers; Contrast one another in style and character with great advantage; and No. 203. *An Interior*, T. Wood; No. 226. *Girls at a Spring*, R. H. Giles, add to the pleasing variety of the collection.

Other examples of the familiar and imaginative lend their aid in like manner. Among them, No. 28. *Jeanie Deans and her Sister*, Miss S. Setchel.—A very clever example of the fair artist's talents. The subject is treated with great skill and pathos, and the hands are made most powerfully to express what is going on in the mind of Jeanie, whose back is turned to the spectator.

No. 148. *The Protégée*. J. J. Jenkins.—A good subject on which to found a tale, in which the poor protégée might be made to appear, what is too often the case, the victim of pride. In the performance, the conscious condescension of patronage in the lady, and the unconscious light-heartedness in the young girl, or future slave, as it may happen, are well expressed.

No. 140. *Absent, but not forgotten*. Miss Fanny Corboux.—The title is quaint and emblematic, but is prettily illustrated by a domestic scene. A young and elegant female is shewing the miniature portrait of the absent father to his child, who is looking over her shoulder, and expressing her recognition of the resemblance. The colouring is brilliant, and the whole has a gay and pleasing effect.

On the Screen, which is not very favourable for light to some of the performances, are several clever examples in miniature, still-life, &c. On the side facing the entrance door we especially observed No. 239. *Fruit*, George Lance; No. 240. *Rebecca*, F. Rochard; No. 245. *Watching the Sick*, T. Boddington; No. 241. *View near Hanger Hill*, and No. 254. *Lane near Hanger Hill*, John Martin: these last shew that the real, as well as the imaginative, comes within the reach of this able artist's pencil. No. 256. *The Pets*, C. Han- wick; as a work of art, worthy of becoming a pet in any collection; as is also No. 263. *Scene at Bruges*, A. G. Vickers. On the side farthest from the door, No. 285. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, after Sir Joshua Reynolds*, George R. Ward, and No. 297. *Heart's-case*, Mrs. G. R. Ward; the first as a copy, the latter, we presume, original, are two of as fine examples as can be met with. There are also four drawings, by Mrs. Withers, of *Partridges and Flowers*, which have great force and beauty, and which appear to be exquisitely finished; but two of them are hung too high, and two of them too low, for close and advantageous inspection. Mr. B. R. Green has several *Portraits*, which bear the stamp of truth, and which are in a very clear and solid style of execution.

We have not room for further details, but trust that we have said enough to shew that the efforts of this new Society are well deserving the encouragement of the public.

ARTISTS AND THE ARTS.

A NUMBER of artists have drawn up a petition to parliament, in which they state that the Royal Academy, as at present constituted, is a private establishment, governed by laws and regulations altogether at variance with the liberal spirit of the age; that it rejects all proposals of improvement; and yet, though devoid of every peculiarity of a national character, it

courts the powerful advantages of appearing national,—that on these grounds the intention of devoting to the Royal Academy of Arts one half of the building now in progress under the title of "the National Gallery," is opposed to that enlightened policy that directed the wisdom of parliament to the removal of restrictive abuses from other institutions; and finally praying that the house will refuse all further supplies for so extraordinary and incongruous a purpose as the union of those dissimilar establishments, until the character of the Royal Academy, and its claim to national support and protection, have been thoroughly examined and established in evidence.

L'ELYSEE BOURBON CABINET.

OUR gratification has not been diminished by frequent visits to this interesting collection; and we rejoice to see that, after several of the pictures, first purchased, were carried off, an intimation is given, that, though sold, the whole number must remain until the Exhibition closes. This is a very desirable arrangement for the lovers of the art in general, who must wish to see such an assemblage as entire as possible; and it may recompense their new owners for the temporary want of possession to have their taste admired and their acquisitions envied. Among the productions already disposed of, we observe the *Rialto*, Canaletti, Mr. Smith, 60*l.*; *A Young Lady*, by Ochtersveld, bought by Mr. Zachary, at the same price; *Two Children at Play*, by Netscher, 280*l.*, Sir R. Peel; *An Inn*, by Berghem, 80*l.*, Mr. Smith; *A Falconer*, &c. by Wouvermans, 300*l.*, Lord Lansdowne; another Wouvermans, *Landscape*, 500*l.*, Mr. Woodburn; *A Calm*, by Vander Velde, 500*l.*, Mr. Newwenhuys; a Ruysdael *Landscape*, 120*l.*, Mr. Stone; a Cuyt *Landscape*, 480*l.*, Mr. Bevan; *Dutch Girl with a Pink*, G. Dow, 500*l.*, Mr. Beckford; *An Italian Landscape*, by Breemburg, 80*l.*, Sir J. Stewart; a Schalken *Candle-light*, 280*l.*, Mr. Stone: in all about 4000*l.* worth in two days of the Exhibition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My Sketch-Book. By George Cruikshank. No. IV. Tilt.

IN these dull matter-of-fact days, the excitement of a laugh is so rare and agreeable, that we always feel grateful for it; and to no one are we more indebted on that score than to our old friend George Cruikshank. It must be a most "vinegar aspect" indeed which does not lose some of its acidity in looking at the "Zoological Sketches," the "Preventive Service," the "Bird-cage Walk," the contrast between "an Officer going to a Ball," and "a Ball going to an Officer," the "Recollections of the Court of Common Pleas," and the other whimsical subjects comprised in the present number of George's *Sketch-Book*.

Costumes on the Western Coast of Africa. By an Officer of the Commissariat. Lawler.

SLIGHT and unpretending; but, no doubt, faithful.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

MR. SALAMAN'S concert, which took place last Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, was well worthy of the distinguished and extended patronage it obtained. The performers, both vocal and instrumental, were of the first order; there were no disappointments, no substitutions; and each individual musician

seemed anxious to contribute to the success of the whole. The result was, of course, in the highest degree satisfactory. Mr. Salaman's selection of Beethoven's lovely piano-forte concerto in C minor, was highly creditable to his taste; and his performance of it was at once delicate and masterly. We had occasion last season to speak in laudatory terms of this young musician, and it is gratifying to find our favourable opinion confirmed and strengthened by hearing him a second time. His execution combines the utmost brilliancy with very great precision; and his style is distinguished equally by refinement and energy. We warn him, however, against a too exuberant action of the hands, as it savours of affectation; and such playing as his needs no trickery of any kind to set it off. Maurer's concerto for four violins, with orchestral accompaniments, and Mendelssohn's charming overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," were treats of the choicest kind; the band being selected chiefly from that of the Philharmonic Society. The vocal part of the concert was rendered attractive by the talents of the respective performers, albeit some of the compositions they selected were not of the very best quality. Mademoiselle Grisi, in a cavatina by Donizetti, a duet with Tamburini, and a trio with Rubini and Tamburini, displayed attainments of a very superior order. Her voice is clear, powerful, and equal, and has been rendered extremely ductile and flexible by the highest possible degree of cultivation. We have only leisure to remark further, that Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. Bishop, and Mr. H. Phillips, contributed their quota to the evening's entertainment; and that the band was led by Mori, and conducted by Sir George Smart.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE third concert, on Monday last, was very superior in attraction to its predecessor, though it did not pass off without some disappointments. We reserve a few more remarks for next week.

ON Friday in last week Miss Mounsey gave a concert at the London Tavern, which was very fashionably attended, and at which the entertainments were of a superior order. Our card was received so late as to preclude criticism.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera has, during the week, pursued its career brilliantly. Mlle. Grisi, in *Anna Bolena*, more than confirmed our very favourable impression, and is indeed a charming attraction to this scene of pleasure. On Tuesday M. Ivanoff made his *début*. He is slight, and by no means prepossessing in appearance; his vocal powers are, however, of considerable variety; and when we have heard him again we purpose to point out the qualities which render him a valuable acquisition to the opera. Tamburini is always delightful; and, with Rubini, it is hardly possible to imagine more perfect performances than are now presented by the united force we have named. Mrs. E. Seguin has also appeared; and the Ellsers in the dance—Mlle. Fanny eclipsing her former success.

THE GREAT THEATRES.

AT last the true ends and genuine purposes of the national Drama have been discovered; and bills of the size of church doors proclaim it on every bulk and waste wall of the metropolis. Masquerading on the stage, the audience mixed with the performers (of course the most re-

spectable of lottery*, the of the prize by the man but be plus contempt by had fallen, fess that and ignom ever rende approbation syllable up (if not illeg criticism as

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spectable of both classes), is to be followed by a lottery*, the honest drawing and distribution of the prizes in which are to be taken charge of by the managers!! That the stage could not but be plunged rapidly into deeper and deeper contempt by the charlatans into whose hands it had fallen, was evident enough; but we confess that we were not prepared for this total and ignominious perversion of all that has ever rendered the Drama worthy of public approbation and encouragement. To waste a syllable upon such despicable and disgraceful (if not illegal) expedients, would be to reduce criticism as low as its subject.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

Is towering to the sight. In ten days, we are told, the roofing will be begun; and in six weeks we trust to see a truly national establishment ready to receive the votaries of the Drama, without lottery tricks and licentious makings.

VICTORIA.

THE system of reduced prices works well here; and on Monday Mr. Greene, from Bath, made a very favourable *début* in *Iago*.

SURREY.

VICTOR HUGO's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, ably dramatised, has been produced here with great strength and corresponding *éclat*. Mrs. Yates's *Esmeralda* is very pleasing and expressive; Yates, as the *Hunchback*, very effective; Mr. O. Smith and Mr. Osbaldiston, as the priest and lover, contributed to the entire success of the piece, in which the scenery and decorations are also of a very superior order.

Humbly Play-bills.—*Sardanapalus* "having received enthusiastic approbation, and announced for repetition"—so say these grammarians—is advertised to be propped up by *La Sonnambule*, as an after-piece; and, "owing to the immediate departure" of the French dancers (that is to say, their immediate departure from Covent Garden to Drury Lane), the *Revolt of the Harem*, which has never succeeded, is given up.

POLITICS.

At Lyons there have been very serious disturbances; but the last reports represent them as having been completely quelled. In Paris, too, an attempt was made to raise barricades; but the military speedily cut down the rebels and restored tranquillity. Brussels has had its riots, and so has Oldham. The spirit of turbulence is, indeed, widely awake and stirring. Our Parliamentary proceedings have been of an important character, initiating great measures of tithe and poor-laws reform.

VARIETIES.

Royal Society of Literature.—We have reason to believe that the Earl of Ripon will succeed the late Lord Dover in the presidency of the Royal Society of Literature.

The Blind School.—Though this building has been some time in progress, it is on Friday next that the Archbishop of Canterbury is to perform the solemn ceremony of laying the foundation stone. When we reflect on the great privation of those for whose benefit this institution is supported; when we see the *nightless* taught to find comfort in useful occupation, and instruction rendered familiar to

them in despite of their affliction, we cannot but hope, that, liberally as it has heretofore been sustained, a fresh impulse will be given to benevolence, by witnessing this interesting proceeding on behalf of so admirable a charity.

Stonehenge: Benares.—When we quoted, in our notice of Mr. Hall's *Memorials of Salisbury* (p. 366, last Gazette), the story of the Benares account of Stonehenge, &c., before the Roman invasion, we ought to have reminded our readers that we, a year or two ago, on mentioning this pretended discovery, stated to them that it was a notorious forgery.

Mrs. Somerville has been elected a member of the Literary and Scientific Society of Geneva; the first time an honour of the kind was ever conferred on a female.

Sir John Herschel arrived safe at the Cape in the middle of January, landed all his instruments, and was preparing to erect an observatory.

Agriculture in France.—*Galignani's Messenger* gives a brief account of the annual meeting of the Société Royale Centrale d'Agriculture, the Prefect of the Seine in the chair. The secretary, Baron de Sylvestre, read memoirs of M.M. Ternaux and de Tournon, eminent and deceased members; after which the prizes for the cultivation of the cork-tree were awarded to candidates in the Var, Landes, Lot, and Garonne, and the Pyrenees Orientales. Other agriculturists were honourably proclaimed for improvements in the science, and in its practice and implements. M. Fabre, of Bourges, was complimented for his researches respecting the fly which destroys corn in the ear; but as he suggested no remedy, the reward was not adjudged. Altogether, the proceedings seem to have been of the most useful kind and tendency.

A Real Gentleman.—Chambermaid of the Cheltenham Inn *loquiter*:—"Ay, he is what I call a real gentleman; he often gives me half-a-crown, never takes no liberties, and always scrapes his feet when he comes in."

Bon-Mot.—A little pompous dumpy fellow was telling that he had applied for an addition to his arms. "I would advise you," said a sarcastic friend, "to get one at the same time for your legs."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The last days of Pompeii is the subject of Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming novel.

Retzsch, the German artist, whose Shakespeare Illustrations we only so recently noticed with admiration, has, we are told, consigned to English publishers some exquisite designs, which are to appear under the title of Retzsch's Fancies.

In the Press.

Sylloge Theologica, a systematic Collection of Tracts in Divinity, for the use of Students in the Universities, and of the younger Clergy, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Cambridge.

Vol. V. of Mr. Fraser Tytler's excellent History of Scotland is on the eve of appearing. Reflections adapted to the Holy Seasons of the Christian and Ecclesiastical Year, by the Rev. James Brewster, M.A.

An original Essay on Primitive Preaching, by John Netherick, Minister of Totnes; and also a Second Edition of Dr. Wardlaw's Lectures on Christian Ethics.

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Clavis Homilistica, or the Clergyman's Register of his Discourses, with reference to the order in which the Holy Scriptures are appointed to be read in the Services of the Church.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Curate of Marsden, or Pastoral Conversations between a Minister and his Parishioners, by E. and M. Atterdell, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Anatomy of the Human

Eye, by John Dalrymple, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Second Fasciculus of Anatomical Drawings, selected from the Collection of Morbid Anatomy in the Army Medical Museum at Chatham, folio, 51s.—Catalogue of Preparations, &c. in Morbid, Natural, and Comparative Anatomy, contained in the Museum of the Army Medical Department, Fort Pitt, Chatham, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Matthias's Greek Grammar abridged, 4th edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d.; the Accidence, separate, 2s. 6d.—Davidson's Pocket Commentary on the New Testament, 24mo. 4s. 6d.—Selections from the Conversations, &c. of the Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. 32mo. 2s. 6d. silk; 2s. cloth.—Sir Harford Jones Brydges's Account of His Majesty's Mission to the Court of Persia in the Years 1807-11, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates, 28s. bds.—Sir James Sutherland's Map of Part of Persia, 3 sheets, coloured, 21s.; cauvass and roller, 15. 11s. 6d.—Wright's School Orator, 3rd edition, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, forming Vol. I. of the Works, 8vo. 10s. cloth.—Plain and Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Theophilus Biddulph, A.M. 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Sermons, by John Buxton Marsden, M.A. 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Whateley's Elements of Logic, 5th Edition, with Additions, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Plutus of Aristophanes, with English Notes, by H. P. Cookeley, B.A. 7s. 6d. bds.—Burns's Works, Vol. IV. containing the Songs, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Juvenile Spectator, by Arabella Argus, 12mo. 6s. hf.-bd.—The Amaranth, a Selection of Religious Pieces in Prose, 32mo. 3s. 6d. silk; 2s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Brooke's General Atlas of Modern Geography, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—A New Treatise on Chess, by George Walker, 2d Edition, enlarged, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—An Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place, London, by Edward L. Blackburn, Architect, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—A Series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Medical Case-Book, oblong, 3s. 6d. bds.—A Spelling and Reading-Book upon new principles, by the Rev. J. F. Denham, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sheep.—The Royal Parisian Pastry-Cook and Confectioner, by M. A. Carême, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Abbott's Child at Home, Part II. 32mo. 1s. cloth; complete, 2s. cloth.—Rees's Medical Annual for 1834, royal 8vo. 5s. cloth.—Galbraith's Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, 2d Edition, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Nautical Magazine, Vol. II. for 1833, 8vo. 13s. 6d. bds.—The Destinies of Man, by Robert Millhouse, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Wallace's (Robert) Mathematical Calculator, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M. by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Treatise on the Hair, 24mo. 1s. sewed.—Progressive Exercises in English Composition, by R. G. Parker, A.M. 2d Edition, 12mo. 3s. bd.—A Voice from the Counting-House, by Raymond Percival, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Cruikshank's Cabinet Library of Fun, royal 18mo. 3d Series, 7s. cloth.—A Family Record, or Memoirs of the late Rev. Basil Wood, M.A. 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Sermons on the Redeemer's Advent, 2d edition, 24mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—The Conspiracy, a Venetian Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo. 15. 11s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 20	From 33. to 46.	30.39 to 30.38
Friday... 21	... 24. ... 47.	30.35 ... 30.24
Saturday... 22	... 30. ... 49.	30.16 ... 30.04
Sunday... 23	... 37. ... 51.	29.90 ... 29.70
Monday... 24	... 39. ... 49.	29.63 ... 29.73
Tuesday... 25	... 31. ... 44.	29.79 ... 29.85
Wednesday 26	... 24. ... 43.	29.99 ... 29.90

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing. Generally cloudy; rain at times; a few flakes of snow in the afternoon of the 25th. Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 27	From 33. to 57.	29.90 to 29.71
Friday... 28	... 36. ... 49.	29.63 ... 29.58
Saturday... 29	... 36. ... 53.	29.56 ... 29.66
Sunday... 30	... 31. ... 49.	29.74 ... 29.86
Monday... 31	... 30. ... 48.	29.93 ... 29.99
April.		
Tuesday... 1	... 33. ... 48.	29.98 ... 29.91
Wednesday 2	... 40. ... 53.	30.01 ... 30.09

Prevailing wind S.W. Except the 29th and three following days, cloudy, with rain at times.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 29" N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As biography, of all kinds of writing, seems most to require a beginning, our notice of Mr. Hall's Life of Henry Salt till its printing is finished.

Mr. Mercier's invitation to see a portrait painted in an hour reached us too late.

The same misfortune befell the Metropolitan Society of Florists' and Amateurs' card for the view of their auricles.

J. M. R. must be satisfied with our acknowledgments. The notice of the Steam-vessel is an advertisement.

ERRATUM.—In the last Number, page 266, col. 1, line 16, for "Sheepless," read "Sharpless."

* The prizes are books, free-admissions, music, stage-dresses, and other trumpery.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION. BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.
The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed THIS DAY, April 19th.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.
The Gallery will be re-opened early in May, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters.

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will open at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday, 26th instant. Open each day from Nine till Dunk.
R. HILLS, Secretary.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The General Anniversary Meeting for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on Thursday, the 26th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'clock precisely.
RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

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The Marquess of Breadalbane.
Lord Milton.
The Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, M.P.
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